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SIXPENCE.
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MISS ELLEN TERRY AS DESDEMONA AT THE GRAND THEATRE, FULHAM.

DESDEMONA: *Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night!*—ACT V., SCENE 2.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The doctors are complaining of our stupid obstinacy in courting sunstroke when we might keep it off with an umbrella. They remark the folly of the citizen who goes to his office carrying a slim silk umbrella apparently as a decoration, for he never dreams that it has uses for a hot day. When old Jonas Hanway made his first appearance under the first umbrella ever seen in London, he was the object of popular derision. Our ancestors managed very well without this portable shelter, as they managed without tooth-brushes and spring mattresses, and they must have thought very little of Jonas Hanway's sense of personal dignity when they saw him keeping himself dry with such an outlandish contrivance. Well, none of us is ashamed to open his umbrella in the rain, but it needs some courage to open it in the sun. We are afraid of playful remarks from small boys about the anxious time we have with our complexion. The best kind of sunshade for this weather is white lined with green. How many men would rather face a Maxim gun than be seen in Piccadilly under a white and green awning? After a certain age, when you are bald and portly, you might venture abroad in this guise without being riddled by the grapeshot of railleury; but if you are still-clinging to youth and the vague outline of a figure, will you walk down Piccadilly under the white-and-green sunshade, and brave the disapproving amazement of any friends who may be left in town?

To a doctor, this question suggests a poor, absurd spirit, incapable of reason. His business is to prescribe obvious remedies and precautions, and he has no patience with people who will use an umbrella in the rain because this is customary, but will not use it against the deadly heat-ray because that would be unfashionable. So logical and consistent is the doctor himself that, should you ever notice the coachman of a brougham waiting outside a door for an hour or so in the broiling sun, but protected by a sunshade of the largest size, you may know that his master is a physician who is indoors with a patient. Why should not everybody be logical and consistent? Now is the time for a strenuous reformer, a new Jonas Hanway, to organise a great sunshade demonstration in Hyde Park. A procession of green and white sunshades with brass bands could not fail to make an impression on public opinion. Or, if it be thought that this expedient is too democratic, and might strike spectators at club windows as an outbreak of Jacobinism, why not float a company for the manufacture of green sunshades, and invite a few Earls to join the board on condition that they stroll down Piccadilly at high noon, wearing their coronets, protected by sunshades from the blistering temperature? The public would note at once on the mantling cheek of our old nobility a delicate reflection from the green lining of the sunshade. Green! The tint of innocence! What an opening for eloquence in the prospectus!

But there is a terrible lack of initiative in our social enterprise now. What courage men had in the days when Disraeli went out to dinner in green trousers, and bequeathed to history an indelible memento of those garments, and of the brilliancy of his conversation! Couldn't we all be brilliant under green sunshades if we had the pluck to try? Costume, of course, would have to harmonise with the sunshade. Here is a priceless opportunity for some inventive genius in the tailoring line! I have no imagination in this sphere; but a Cuban planter, grafted upon an Anglo-Indian judge, might afford a suitable model. Will any man write a pamphlet on this theme and dedicate it to his tailor? That reminds me of another historical instance of the courage which seems to be extinct. Thackeray dedicated his "Paris Sketch-Book" to "M. Aretz, Tailor, etc., 27, Rue Richelieu." It appears that, in the ordinary course of business, M. Aretz presented a small account to "M. A. Titmarsh," who saw that it would be "extremely inconvenient" to pay. Thus the familiar formalities were observed on both sides; but what said the tailor then? Did he press his claim, or leave it open for a month or two? There are tailors (blessed be their names!) who go on sending their bills with nothing more peremptory in the way of reminder than their "compliments" (flowers of delicacy, long may they bloom!) But this incomparable man did more. He said, "Mon Dieu, Sir, let not that annoy you: if you want money, as a gentleman often does in a strange country, I have a thousand-franc note at my house which is quite at your service."

There are many things in Thackeray I can never read without a trembling of the eyelids; but this dedication is almost too poignant. Mrs. Ritchie, in her introduction to the volume in which it appears, says nothing about it. Perhaps she felt it was too intimate for comment; perhaps (I suggest this in all humility) a woman, even the most sympathetic, cannot enter into the emotional relation of a man to his tailor. Thackeray saw that the occasion demanded the boldest treatment; that it was his duty to acquaint "the English nation" with M. Aretz's merits. "Let me add, Sir, that you live on the first floor; that your clothes and fit are excellent, and your charges moderate and just; and, as a humble tribute of my admiration, permit me to lay these volumes at your feet."

Did M. Aretz, in a flash of divination, suspect that this impoverished client of his was one of the masters of English prose, who would immortalise that kindly heart on the first floor of 27, Rue Richelieu? Well, who among us now, mortal or immortal, would venture to inscribe a volume to the excellence of his tailor's clothes? What would happen if I were to lay the "Note-Book" at the feet of the tradesman whose charges are moderate and whose patience is inexhaustible? No one has the courage to do these things. It used to be related of a successful journalist, now deceased, that a sub-editor was specially employed on the staff of the paper for which he worked to remove from his articles grateful and affectionate allusions to a certain firm of hatters. These were always introduced with such consummate skill that it needed one sub-editor's training and undivided attention to detect them. I cannot help thinking this censorship was despotic. Nobody is bold enough to withstand it now; but a time may come—when the green sunshade (with appropriate accessories) is triumphant!

The wherewithal man shall be clothed assumes the gravest importance in an article in the *North American Review*, with this startling title: "The Abdication of Man." The writer, Miss Elizabeth Bisland, assigns various reasons for man's undoing. Centuries ago he went off to the Crusades, and when he came back, found that woman had managed his property with a success which drove him to undignified ebullitions of jealousy. Then Elizabeth showed that a queen can govern as strongly as a king. (I wonder whether Miss Bisland's Christian name has any significance for her family!) Then man ceased to protect his feminine kindred, and left them very often to shift for their own living. He calls this the evolution of economic forces, but it is merely a proof of his own incapacity. Then (and this is the most serious charge) he ceased to delight the eyes of his womenkind with the beauty and bravery of his wearing apparel. When he was clad in steel with waving plumes, when he wore his hair in powder, and lace ruffles and a sword, he was dazzling to his mate. Now she sees him in the most commonplace garb of the ages. A shirt-front is a poor substitute for a breastplate; knickerbockers have not the grace of knee-breeches. What is the most becoming necktie to a baldie? With his legs in cylinders and his head in a chimney-pot, is he any more a thing of beauty? Miss Bisland says he has made himself ugly, and must pay the penalty.

This is the more alarming when you reflect that it derives some colour from a fact in natural history. It is the peacock that has the dazzling tail, not the peahen. There was a period in our history—the period of "Eliza and our James," also of the Merrie Monarch—when man strove to surpass woman in plumage, in accordance with that natural phenomenon just cited. Even in the Georgian times, man held his own in point of drapery. But now woman is decked to death, and man seems to delight in subduing his charms to the most commonplace pattern. He may not recover his control over the economic forces; but why should he let Miss Bisland's warning about his apparel go unheeded? Princes and tailors are our guides in such affairs. Will they not make an effort to save the supremacy of their sex before it is too late? There are other omens from natural history. I made the acquaintance lately of a pair of doves in a cage. The male dove billed and cooed with affectionate assiduity, bobbing his head in the courtliest of bows with every note. But the lady sat unmoved on her perch, and now and then reduced him to stillness by a sharp peck. He went down to the bottom of the cage with an injured air, which said, "Really, my dear, this is quite against tradition. Doves, you know, must set a conjugal example." But when he resumed his cooing and bowing she pecked him again! I call this a significant portent, and commend it to Miss Bisland's earnest attention.

An invalided author writes to the *Academy* imploring its readers to suggest books for the amusement of his convalescence. He may have noticed that the Dean of Manchester has been denouncing certain unspecified works. He might obtain a list of these from the Dean and try them as stimulants. In the same number of the *Academy* another author describes how he published nine books, which made a considerable stir among reviewers. He calculates that more money was paid for the reviewing than for the writing of them. This, also, ought to have some interest for the invalid, and I recommend him to send for the whole nine. There is a new light here on the respective emoluments of authorship and criticism. Talk of the financial relations between England and Ireland! This is quite as serious a business. Some authors set up their carriages, and I am not acquainted with any critic who can afford such luxury. But perhaps the critics like to spend their wealth on motor-cabs!

It is nearly a year since I was privately informed that one of the railway companies had sent an agent abroad to inquire into the carriage of bicycles on the Continental lines. This gentleman was good enough to ask my views. In France a bicycle is carried any distance by train for one penny. If you are returning from France, the transit of your bicycle from Calais to London will cost five shillings. If that railway agent has broken the hearts of his directors with this contrast, will he let me know?

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is leaving Osborne for Balmoral, probably on Aug. 31. She was visited on Friday, Aug. 19, by the widowed Archduchess Stéphanie, the Crown Princess of Austria. On the next day Her Majesty went on board the royal yacht *Alberta* for a short trip beyond Cowes Roads, and visited the Prince of Wales on board the *Osborne*. Mr. Walter Long, President of the Board of Agriculture, and Mr. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, were the guests of Her Majesty on Saturday and Sunday; also Lady Vivian and Colonel Sir Robert Warburton; Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, on Friday, and the officers of the royal yachts. Princess Henry of Battenberg presided at meetings of the local Nursing Association and the St. John's Ambulance Association at Gosport, and of the Hants Mothers' Union at Ryde.

The Prince of Wales, who is in a fair way of being cured of the injury to his left knee, goes in the royal yacht for a short trip to Portland or Weymouth, and thence possibly to Dartmouth or Torbay, accompanied by his daughter Princess Victoria.

The Congress of the Institute of Public Health, presided over by Sir Charles Cameron, M.D., has been held at Dublin, beginning on Aug. 18, when Earl Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, opened the Health Exhibition.

Earl Grey on Friday, at the Crystal Palace, opened the flower-show of the Agricultural and Horticultural Association with an instructive and encouraging speech on the prospects of the co-operative system of industry. He observed that the aggregate profits from the earnings of co-operative societies in the past year amounted to £6,617,000, giving the actual workers an increase of from 7½ to 12½ per cent. upon ordinary wages, besides saving in their purchases at the stores. The members of such societies numbered a million and a half persons.

The Channel Squadron, which was lying at Milford Haven, departed on Monday for Lough Swilly, on the north coast of Ireland. Several of the battle-ships will lie in the Severn near Bristol during the meeting of the British Association of Science.

The newly appointed British Ambassador to Russia, Sir Charles Scott, having arrived at St. Petersburg, while Baron de Staal has come to London, it is expected that any future diplomatic negotiations concerning the rival pretensions of the two Governments to influence affairs in China will henceforth be conducted in Europe, and not at Peking. Railway concessions and banking loan contracts still afford matter of dispute.

The Emperor Francis Joseph's sixty-eighth birthday, on Aug. 18, was celebrated in Austria with great demonstrations of loyalty and affection. His Majesty was at Ischl, but the people of Vienna, in his absence, were not the less eager to show their regard for a sovereign who is deservedly esteemed.

The birthday of the young Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who attains her eighteenth year on Aug. 31, and thereupon ascends the throne, will be made the occasion of interesting solemnities and festivities at the Hague and at Amsterdam. There is to be a grand historical figure procession, and splendid illuminations. But the Dutch Court and Government seem to prefer that it should be rather a domestic affair of their own nation: they have not invited any foreign Princes, except the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, a near relative, and the Prince of Wied, with his son, to whom, it is said, Queen Wilhelmina will be betrothed.

Fresh local disorders and conflicts between the Christians and the Mussulman inhabitants have broken out in Crete. Meantime, there are strange rumours of an approach to an amicable understanding between Turkey and Greece. The several Kings and ruling Princes of the Balkan States have been exchanging friendly visits, subsequent to their recent personal reception by the Czar. Russian influence, apparently exercised with the consent of Germany, seems to be gaining strength in that part of Europe.

Great mischief and alarm were caused by conflagrations on Sunday in the pine-woods of the Landes region, in South-Western France. A railway train returning from Bayonne to Bordeaux very narrowly escaped destruction.

The approaching pilgrimage of the German Emperor and Empress to Palestine, Jerusalem, and Galilee, with tours and excursions in Syria, and a visit to Egypt, managed in detail by Messrs. T. Cook and Son, is the subject of much comment. Their Majesties will pass from Italy to Constantinople in their own steam-yacht, about the middle of October, and will land in Syria a week later. The Sultan's Government has made special efforts to accommodate and gratify his imperial brother.

It is said that a Russian project for constructing railways in Mesopotamia, connected with the Euphrates and the Tigris navigation, has obtained the assent of the Sultan. Another rumour is that the British Protectorate of Aden will be extended along the whole southern coast of the Arabian peninsula.

Up to the present the Cape elections are for the most part a neck-and-neck race. Monday's results seemed to make for a Bond majority, but on Tuesday, Aug. 23, Mr. Rhodes and his colleague, Mr. Oates, were returned for Namaqualand, in the Progressive interest, by overwhelming majorities. Two seats were thus lost to the Bond. Mr. Rhodes headed the poll with 774 votes, Mr. Oates making a good second with 769. The two Bond candidates were practically out of the running, polling only 370 and 346 votes each. Queens-town has sustained its old Progressive reputation by sending to Parliament Dr. Berry and Mr. Frost, who polled 1607 and 1473 respectively, the Bond candidate lagging hopelessly behind with 677. Graaf-Reinet, however, shows a decided victory for the Bond, Dr. De Water and Mr. J. H. Smith being returned with totals of 1289 and 1260 against the Progressive's 506. Sir Gordon Sprigg is still hopeful for the Progressive cause, while the *Cape Times* anticipates the ultimate triumph of the Bond.

G R E A T W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y .
E X P R E S S S U M M E R S E R V I C E S

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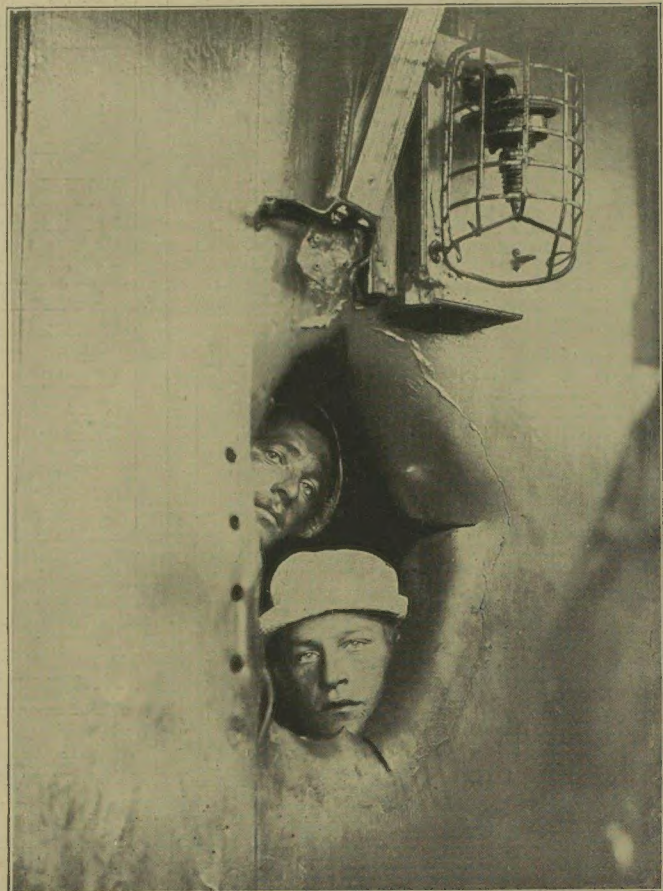
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PICTORIAL SOUVENIRS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

The recent war has necessarily produced its aftermath of interesting pictures, not only of actual hostilities, but of persons, places, and things which the conflict has raised into importance. The portrait of the gallant Lieutenant Hobson, who sank the *Merrimac* at Santiago, for instance, has now its own value, while the spirit of the age leads us to take an interest scarcely less absorbing in the likeness of the hero's relations. Looking at the picture of Mrs. Hobson, one is inevitably reminded of Campbell's line, spoken also of a sailor, "A noble mother must have bred so brave a son." Side by side with the domestic aspect of the war, we present some grimly humorous reminders of the actual fight—the wounds, so to speak, of the United States battle-ship *Texas*, now laid up for repairs at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.



SHOT-HOLE IN THE ASH-HOUSE OF THE "TEXAS."



THE PRIMARY ARMOUR OF THE "TEXAS," PIERCED BY A SPANISH SHOT.



LIEUTENANT RICHMOND P. HOBSON, THE HERO OF THE "MERRIMAC."



LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S MOTHER AND SISTER.



Scaring the Birds.
The Mower and his Mate.
The Harvest Moon.

The Last in the Field.

"IN MERRY HARVEST TIME."

Reapers at Work.
Carrying the Corn.
Stacking.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS DESDEMONA.

Miss Ellen Terry's native activity chafes under a holiday. Thus it was that, according to her custom, she filled in part of her vacation by producing "Othello" and "The Lady of Lyons" at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, this week, whither many enthusiastic playgoers went, despite the heat. Miss Terry's Desdemona is a beautiful creation. It lacks the sweeping passion of a younger actress, perhaps; it has nothing about it of the tragedy-queen of the leading lady one sees in the country (where "Othello" is immensely popular). Rather is it persuasive; but it is none the less pathetic; and it is all conceived with the ripeness of experience, which does not detract from its youth. That is the master charm of Miss Terry; and there she held the house entranced. Mr. Frank Cooper's Othello is robust, but scarcely romantic. It is the picture of the soldier rather than the lover, and for that reason is not quite convincing throughout, although Mr. Cooper's fine voice and commanding presence go to complete a striking picture of the Moor. Miss Genevieve

On Aug. 22 the second half-battalion of the Rifle Brigade left Atbara, and the following day saw the departure from the same place of the last detachment of the 21st Lancers. On the 23rd the transport column was distant from the point of concentration only a day's march. The draught and baggage animals were reported as having been worked into good condition, despite the severe strain put upon them by day marching in the desert. The field-telegraph has reached Wad Hamed.

CLOSE OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Hostilities between Spain and America having completely ceased, both in the West Indies and in the Philippines, the two Governments are now engaged in adjusting a multitude of details of the manner in which the stipulated conditions of peace shall be executed. The release and removal to Spain of the garrison which surrendered at Santiago being actually commenced, though it has suffered great losses by mortality from illness, sad accounts of it daily reach us from Cuba. No arrangements seem to have yet been made for the departure of the large Spanish army, exceeding a hundred thousand men, still occupying Havana

guns seeming to concentrate their fire on this one spot, one of the United States guns stuck fast in the mud, and could not be moved until a fresh team of horses had been sent for. Meanwhile men were falling like autumn leaves. Our Artist was with the gunners all through this desperate affair.

THE CHOIR OF MILAN CATHEDRAL.

The elaborate interior of Milan Cathedral which appears among our Illustrations is from an etching by a talented young Bristol artist, Mr. W. V. Collette. As this is the etcher's first large plate, a great deal of interest has been taken in the work by his townsmen and others. Mr. Collette has produced a most successful representation of the entrance to the choir of Visconti's magnificent structure, founded in 1386, and ranking as the third largest church in Europe. The spectator is supposed to stand in the south transept, and to look across the entrance to the choir and down the north transept. The fine architectural accessories of the picture are further enhanced by the skilful introduction of an ecclesiastical procession and a throng of worshippers. The light-and-



THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN WILTS AND DORSET: THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY CONDUCTING DIVINE SERVICE IN CAMP ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 21.

See "Events of the Day."

Ward was the Emilia, Mr. Ben Webster Cassio, and Mr. Louis Calvert, who produced the play, presented a somewhat conventional Iago, which reminded one less of a real person than of an old theatrical print come to life.

THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.

The Anglo-Egyptian army of the Nile has continued its steady advance from the Atbara towards Khartoum, and has reached Nasri Island, just below Metemneh, marching up along the right bank of the Nile. It is probable that a great battle with the Derivishes may be fought before the end of August, unless they prefer to await attack behind the walls of Omdurman, in which case there must be a siege and bombardment. The health of the troops continues good, although some cases of sunstroke are reported among a convoy of the 21st Lancers which passed Metemneh on Aug. 21. The sick were put on board passing steamers. Metemneh and Shendy are both reported to be deserted, the whole space between Mahmad's former camp and the river being strewn with dried carcases and bones. The whole aspect of the place is revolting. At Wad Hamed, one hundred and twenty miles from the Atbara and fifty-five from Omdurman, there is a capital camp, skirted by two miles of river. The entire force paraded there on Aug. 23.

and the other towns and districts in the western and the central parts of the island. Marshal Blanco, refusing to take any part in the surrender of Cuba, insists upon resigning his office as Governor and Captain-General, and demands permission immediately to return to Spain. This attitude somewhat resembles that of General Augusti in quitting, but still more abruptly and peremptorily, his command at Manila. In the last fighting there, forty Americans and two hundred Spaniards were killed. It appears that the Spanish Government, notwithstanding its surrender of that city, is disposed still to claim the retention of some political authority over the Philippines.

The return of Admiral Sampson to New York on Saturday with the United States naval squadron from the shores of Cuba was hailed by the whole population of that city and of Brooklyn, and of all the towns and villages of Long Island, New Jersey, and the banks of the Hudson, with enthusiastic acclamations. The ships arriving passed up the harbour and into the river, amid such masses of assembled spectators as never were gathered upon any occasion before in America.

Our double-page illustration this week represents the scene at the "Bloody Angle" during the battle of San Juan. About ten in the morning, while the artillery was fording the San Juan River at this point in the face of a pitiless hail of musketry and shrapnel, all the Spanish

shade of the picture is admirably managed, and the suggestion of "dim religious light" shows fine sympathy with the subject. In Mr. Collette we have certainly an etcher of promise.

"IN MERRY HARVEST-TIME."

During the past week the farmers have been favoured with excellent harvest weather—a little oppressive, perhaps, but at any rate free from the heavy downpours of the previous week, which laid much standing corn in the north, rendering machine-cutting in some places impossible. By that time, however, most of the southern fields had been cut, so that in these districts the rain mattered less. On the whole, the harvest prospects are good. Apart from the practical aspect of this matter, the yearly ingathering of the fruits of the earth is a time which comes very near to the heart of humanity. Its poetry is as intense as that of spring, over which it has this inestimable advantage, that it has never become a laughing-stock. Tennyson's "happy autumn fields," Keats's "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," suggest by their context the more pensive sentiment of the season, while its more joyous note is struck by the old glee—

Through lanes with hedgerows pearly,
Go forth the reapers early
In merry harvest-time.

PERSONAL.

The delay in the inauguration of Imperial Penny Postage between England and Canada need not really be time lost. It gives a pause, during which America can make up its mind whether it also will enter into competition with the Dominion in the matter of cheap postage with the United Kingdom. There are many Americans who favour that revision of the postal tariff as heartily as Mr. Henniker Heaton himself could wish; and one of their number is General James, who formerly acted as Postmaster-General in Washington. He, it seems, has been addressing to the Duke of Norfolk a prophecy that the penny rate would double, perhaps quadruple, the letters between England and America. "My own opinion," he writes, "is that the time is very opportune for you to consider this subject, and I feel sure that you would find a unanimous public opinion to warmly welcome an international penny postage." On Christmas Day will begin the experiment between England and Canada, when General James's figures will have an indirect confirmation or refutation. The Prince of Wales's birthday was the date first named by enthusiasts for the inauguration; but the proposal of that day, it may not be indiscreet to add, was not considered to be strictly within the lines of Court etiquette.

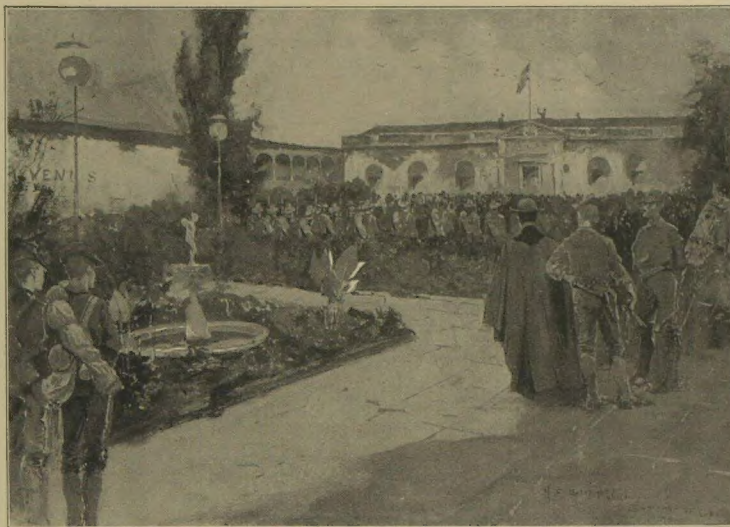
Canada has its record harvest this year, and it has its Minister of Agriculture still in England to bring the boast of its fecundity home to the minds of the rural population of Great Britain. Meanwhile, the Canadian Postmaster-General has just set sail on his return journey, after a stay in England which has been not only delightful to himself but of great advantage, as all postal reformers hope, to both the Dominion and the mother country. In advance of the Hon. William Mulock went the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, who has to be in Quebec while the great conference between England, Canada, and the United States holds the sittings begun this week.

The command of the military forces in the Bombay Presidency has been fitly conferred upon the veteran officer, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Cunliffe Low, who proved his vigour unabated for active field service in the Chitral Campaign three years ago. It was so long ago as 1854 that he entered the Indian Army, being a son of the late General Sir John Low; and he went through the Sepoy Mutiny War of 1857, since which date, in the Afghan and other wars, his energy and ability were so well displayed as to merit the highest rank, with a charge of considerable administrative importance.

As a well-known and acceptable member of London society, a sometime M.P. without strong political ambition, and a man of literary accomplishments with a predilection for biographical anecdote, the late Sir William Augustus Fraser passes away from us regretted by many personal friends. One practical instance of his active usefulness in a public cause, so long ago as the winter sufferings of the British army in the Crimean War, seems to have escaped recollection in the recent notices of his death. It was by his exertions, in a great measure, that a vessel was laden in the port of London with stores of comforts for our sick and worn-out and ill-provided soldiery, then languishing in Lord Raglan's camp. Sir William Fraser's contributions to the historical memoirs of several eminent contemporaries, the Duke of Wellington, the Emperor Napoleon III., and Lord Beaconsfield, are likely to be deemed worthy of reference for some time to come.

Visitors who are flocking to Northern moors will probably pass for the last time this year the High Level Bridge over the Tyne in its present state. A new bridge is to be built to supplement the old one, which Queen Victoria herself opened, and which spans the coaly river and a valley that is itself an enormous aqueduct of smoke. The panorama seen from the bridge is certainly a weird and wild one. "Newcastle or Texas" has sometimes been the traveller's variation of a still more sulphurous alternative. Nevertheless, "the beauty of ugliness" is often apparent in the effects of smoke and weather; and it has captivated the eyes of one artist after another—very successfully in a picture in this year's Academy.

Perhaps it is a timely, even if it is not a wholly historic, explanation of the extermination of crofters on the Argyll estates which has just been given by the present Duke of Argyll himself. Evictions enforced to clear the land for deer-forests and other sporting purposes are the usually alleged causes of this extermination of a peasantry which used to yield us so many of our fighting men. But the Duke of Argyll says it is all due



HOISTING THE AMERICAN FLAG OVER THE CITY HALL AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

to the smallpox, and to the devastations it made before Lady Mary Wortley Montagu introduced vaccination from the East. If the Duke of Argyll can get the Anti-Vaccinators to accept that version of the story, he will have added to the long list of his public services to the country.

The successor of Principal Caird at Glasgow University is the Very Rev. Robert Herbert Story, D.D., who has been known for the past twelve years as its Professor of Ecclesiastical History. Born at Roseneath Manse in 1835, he was educated at Edinburgh and St. Andrews Universities and also at Heidelberg. In 1859 he became an assistant minister of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal; and a year later he succeeded his father as minister at Roseneath, a duty in which he continued till 1887. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1894, and since that year has been its Principal Clerk. He is also a Chaplain to the Queen. His numerous writings include "Creed and Conduct," "The Apostolic Ministry in the Scottish Church," "Christ the Consoler," and "William Carstairs, a Character and Career of the Revolutionary Epoch." For two years he acted as editor of the *Scots Magazine*.

On Aug. 23 the Chinese Minister left London, accompanied by his suite. His Excellency's destination was Brussels, whither he has gone to present his credentials. The Ambassador is accredited not only to the Court of St. James's, but to the Belgian Court, which, however, he has not yet visited.

The death of Mr. Matthew Dawson, the most eminent of Newmarket trainers for the Turf, has called forth



Photo Clarence Haller.
THE LATE MR. MATTHEW DAWSON.

such a task. Mr. Dawson was buried on Monday at the Newmarket town cemetery, which adjoins the racecourse.

The troubles of Sir Tatton Sykes are all along the line. The last of the list is to be found in the strange fact that he cannot worship in the church he has himself built with princely and pious munificence at Sledmere, his Yorkshire seat. He will not go in unless the candles on the altar are put out; and the clergyman in charge does not recognise the reasonableness of the alternative. So Sir Tatton Sykes, founder and martyr, has to be a worshipper elsewhere; and he may well have been the Yorkshire Baronet who last Sunday went into a sacristy after a service and gave the Vicar a sovereign, which he had wished to put into the plate. But no plate had been handed to the stranger, the collector forming an opinion that he "did not look likely to give anything."

The limits of probability have been puzzling the mind of a Metropolitan police magistrate this week; and his puzzlement has been in turn a puzzle to the onlooker. It may or may not be credible that a drunken policeman could get out of breath with beating an inoffensive civilian. Mr. Lane, Q.C., was a doubter. But a far stranger story has been told in another court, and the truth of it has been established by a coincidence which would in older days have been described as a special providence. A young domestic servant tried to cash one or two forged cheques, and was arrested in the attempt. She said "a gentleman" gave them to her—a "Mr. Gilbert," whose whereabouts nobody could trace. That story has been told too often to impress a jury—no juryman likes to be made a laughing-stock. But before a verdict of "Guilty" could be given a man fell down dead in the streets. He was recognised as "the gentleman" by the accused woman, and, sure enough, in his pocket were found other forged cheques similar to those she had attempted to put into circulation. Even Mr. Lane, Q.C., may be persuaded that truth really is stranger than fiction.

Mr. David Ross Stewart, advocate, who died at Liverpool on Aug. 20, was Chief Magistrate of the Gambia, West Coast of Africa. His career has been cut short with painful suddenness. So recently as June 2 of this year Mr. Stewart left this country to take up his official duties. Very soon after landing his health necessitated his return, and on Aug. 18 he arrived at Liverpool by the steamer *Roquette*. His condition was then so serious that he had to be carried ashore to a hotel, where he remained, attended by two doctors, until his death. Mr. Stewart was only forty years of age, and was a native of Edinburgh, where he was buried on Aug. 23.

The name of Leo XIII., had he lived in the world, would be Count Vincenzo Joachim Pecci. Like many other people, he preferred his second Christian name to his first; and he has always treated the Feast of St. Joachim, rather than the Feast of St. Vincent, as his own "name-day." That was why last Sunday was kept at the Vatican as a sort of domestic festival. The season is one which is not beloved by Cardinals, who in old days always fled to the hills during the tropical heats of August; but as the Pontiff himself remains in the Vatican all the year round, a number of his most devoted courtiers, attendants, and friends have tried the experiment, and they have found it possible to brave the season without any really disastrous results.

The Cardinals, as a rule, are men of long lives. Any insurance company, if it consented to make a class of them, would undertake the risk of their insurance at a phenomenally moderate premium. Nevertheless, no fewer than one hundred and twenty-three members of the Sacred College have died since Leo XIII., himself then an old man, ascended the Papal throne, and sixty-seven of this number were Cardinals of his own creation.

The Queen has appointed Mr. John Stanley, Q.C., of the Irish Bar, to be a Judge of the High Court of Judicature at Calcutta. Mr. Stanley succeeds Mr. Justice Trevelyan.

The condition of Mr. Arthur Pease, M.P., was reported for several days to be hopeless. If he makes a recovery after all, as fair hope that he will has since been given, he will come nearer than almost any other man living to reading his own obituary notice in the papers. The Pease family is one of good stamina; the "plain living and high thinking" of the old-fashioned Quakerism still runs in the constitutions of a generation that is more of the world than were its predecessors, and the length of days enjoyed by most of the immediate ancestry of the member for Darlington is a good omen for his own restoration to health.

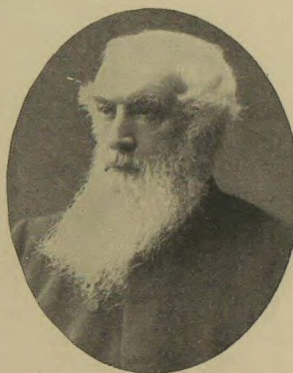


Photo Langner, Glasgow.
THE VERY REV. R. H. STORY, D.D.,
Principal of Glasgow University.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. DAVID ROSS STEWART.



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LEFT IN CHARGE.

After the Painting by J. F. Marshall.



FROM

THE HEART OF THE STORM.

BY

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

resolve hid all save the sterner lines. Through the din of the larger strife came the clang of the death-bell, full of the little battle of mortality with the certain grave; and the girl hid her face in her two strong hands, and wept as wildly as ever the wind could do. Then she went forward, through the gate, down the narrow, stone-paved path, past the great stone, with the iron rings at either side, which hid the burial vault of the Thorpes.

THE little old woman sat up in the belfry-tower, tolling the death-bell with her foot, and knitting a worsted stocking with her skinny hands. She made thirty stitches between each stroke of the bell, and not the church-clock itself could reckon a minute more truly. Ill-shapen she was, the sexton's wife, and her toothless mouth was for ever moving, in time to the click of her knitting-needles.

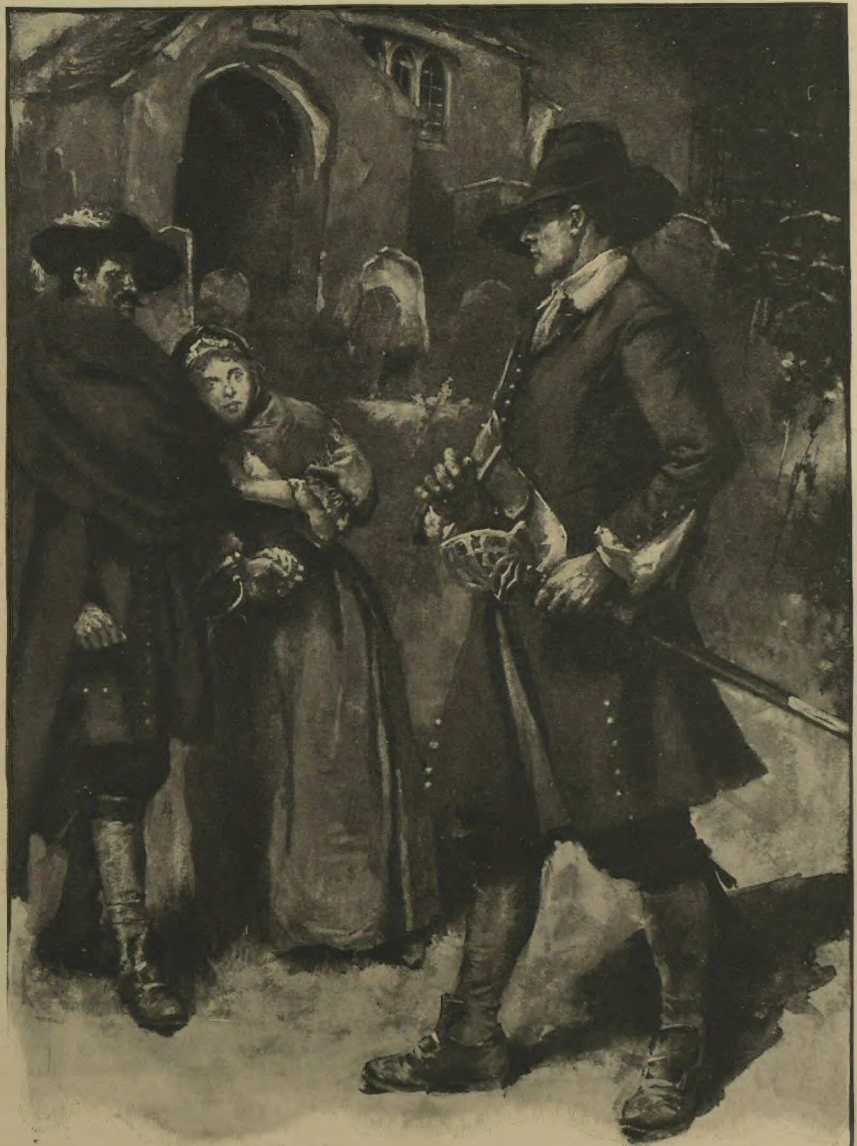
"Ugh! 'tis little care his wife had for him," she muttered presently. "Only a poor half-hour of the bell, and him with a long, cold journey afore him. Does she think a man's soul can move up to Heaven at that speed? May be 'tis her pocket she cares for—two-and-sixpence, and him, so to say, th' Squire o' Marshcotes. Well, there's men an' there's men, mostly wastrels, but we could hev spared another better nor Squire Thorpe, that we could—and him to have no more nor a half-hour's tolling, poor lad! What'll he do when he gets to th' Gates, an' th' bell has stopped tolling, an' there's no Christian music to waft him in? But there! What did we say o' th' wife, when th' Squire went an' wedded a second time, a lass no older nor his own daughter, an' not Marshcotes bred nawther. Nay, there war no mak' o' gooid in 't—two-an'-sixpence, to buy a man's soul God-speed—there niver war any gooid i' bringing foreigners to Marshcotes—little milked-blooded wench she is, not fit for aught but a china-shop. Well, however, I'm nearly done wi' th' ringing—unless, mebbe, I war to gie him another half-hour for naught, just because he war a thowt likelier nor th' rest o' th' men-folk."

The little old woman grinned, very mirthlessly; she had discovered a soft spot in her knotty heart, and it seemed late in the day for that. A long silence held the belfry-tower, broken only by the *click, click* of the needles, the creak of the rope, the subdued thunder of the bell, the wailing, passionate frenzy of the wind as it drove the hail-stones against the black old walls.

It was an eerie night, too, in Marshcotes kirk-yard, free to the moor as it was and full of corners wherein the wind hid itself to pipe a shriller note than it could compass in the open. The wind, a moon three-quarters full, a sky packed close with rain and hail and sleet, all fought together. And now the moon gained a moment's victory, shimmering ghostly grey across the wet tombstones—and, again, the wind and hail struggled and cried and cursed, till they hid the moon outright—till even the sodden winter leaves were lifted from the mould, and the hailstones danced upwards from the tombs like little white devils, let loose for a Witches' Sabbath.

A slim grey figure crossed the moor, and halted awhile at the churchyard gate—slim, yet full of that lissome strength which only the moor-bred women have. Like an ash sapling she had swayed and bent to the hurricane as she fought her way through the heather; but all that the wind could do had been done, and it had left her unbroken—breathless only, and glad of the gate's support for a moment.

The moon burst through the cloud-wrack as she stood there, and showed a face like a summer landscape hid in storm. There was tenderness, measureless and strong, in the hazel eyes; but tears were drawn like a veil across them. There was softness in the mouth, but pride and



A browny figure blocked the pathway, and Mistress Thorpe shrank back under shelter of her comrade.

"Not there, father! They will never leave you out there, for ever—you who were so strong yesterday, so full of the warmth of life. God, if You were built after our fashion, as they say You are, You would raise him from the dead. How the blood dripped, dripped from the little hole in his side! O God, be merciful! Say that I have dreamed it all—say that the wind has blown my ways away, and that all this is—"

She stopped on the sudden, and the woman in her face went out, and a swift, unholy passion held its every line and corner. Her voice was calm now, bitterly quiet as the grave she lingered by. And very softly her hand sought the place where she had hid the lithe, long dagger.

"Nay, there is no mercy," said she. And "no mercy" yelled the wind, as it howled across the moor and in through the churchyard hedge. And she went forward to the foot of the tower, comforted by the tempest's devilry.

Up the crooked stair, worn by fifteen generations of feet, passed the slim grey figure with the brave carriage and the awful pitilessness of face. The little old woman dropped a stitch of her knitting as she heard the door open, and her heart went pit-a-pat, for it was a fit night for ghosts.

"Oh, 'tis ye, is't?" she grumbled, soon as ever she saw that it was no ghost at all, but just Helen Thorpe of the Hall.

"Yes, I have come to ask you to give father a longer passing than Mistress Thorpe is like to have seen to. Here is my purse—take what you will, so long as father's soul is cared for."

Aye, there was heart in the sexton's wife, for all the battered length of pilgrimage. She knew now—what had been dark as a winter's night before—that she loved this slim lass, whom once she had nursed—loved her to idolatry. And scarcely had she time to push the money away, with a muttered curse, before her eyes were full of tears and her voice all broken.

"Dearie," she whispered, coming close to the girl and watching that terrible, quiet set of lips and eyes, "dearie, ye must not look like that. Ye are ower-young to let all hell creep into your face like that—ower-young—an' I should know, seeing I nursed ye fro' being a baby."

"Over-young—nay, Lucy; it seems a woman can never be over-young to learn God's lesson. It is fight at our birth—poor woman's sort of struggle, with tears—and fight all through the long summer days, when the very skies strive against the seed-crops that are to keep our sorry bodies quick—and fight again, when winter rails at the house-walls, trying to batter them in."

"Have a kindlier thought o' God," cried the other eagerly—the more eagerly in that she had little faith, of herself, in the comfort she desired to feign. "Put the father out of mind, soon as the sorrow grows more dumb, an' think on a likely man's love—an' the bairns to come—"

"What are you doing, Lucy? The bell has been silent these five minutes." It was strange to see how grief had transfigured this girl—how peremptory and harsh of voice she had grown, how little she seemed to care for aught save such matters as concerned her father, lying stiff and cold in the oak-room at the Hall—her father's soul, journeying wearily towards an unsubstantial Heaven. Yet the superstition of her folk held her, and the bell's silence was a horror, a crime almost.

The sexton's wife said nothing at all, but took up her knitting and slid her foot into the loop of the bell-rope. Helen Thorpe leaned against the doorway, and fingered the dagger that lay beneath her cloak, and fancied that every jar of the bell was a blow well driven home. After awhile, the old woman glanced shrewdly at her, as if in fear of this still, strenuous mood.

"Better talk to a human body, my dear; it will drive the devils out," she said.

As one awakening from a trance, Helen Thorpe moved forward, and laid a hand on Lucy's shoulder. The calm was gone; she quivered from head to foot. "You were talking of love, and bairns to come. Love? Ay, to see your lover killed before your eyes. And bairns—must the mothers rear up the wee bairns, that never did them any harm, to suffer, and curse the God that made them? Lucy, I know who did it."

"Did what, did what? There, there, dearie, ye're not quite yourself—ye—"

"The man who killed father."

"Ay, so? That will be good for somebody to hear of—your cousin, belike."

The little old woman went on with her knitting, and still the bell-rope creaked at its wonted intervals; but there was a change in the ringer's face—a brightening of the eye, a quiver of the dwarfed, misshapen body. The girl's stern lust for vengeance was conquering the older woman's softness.

"I shall leave it to none to avenge; see you, Lucy, what a pretty toy I have here."

Lucy took the dagger and ran her finger along the edge, and muttered to herself in a curious key—a key that seemed tuned to the song of the wind. "Who is he?" she asked.

"Ned Sunderland. Oh, it was a gallant fight! We have killed the Sunderlands, we Thorpes, for the feud's sake, more than once or twice—but we struck fair." She lost her calmness for awhile, as the memory of that

afternoon's work cut at her heart. "Lucy, he struck from behind! It was gathering dusk, and I had just put fresh peats on the fire and turned to the window to look out for father's coming."

"And had filled his pipe for him, an' laid it down by th' settle-corner, as ye used to do i' th' old days," murmured Lucy.

"Hush, nurse! Oh, hush! I must not think of—of the old days." Again she pulled herself together. "Father came riding up to the gate, and I was going out to meet him, when a second horseman galloped along the cross-road, and turned sharp towards the Hall when he saw father; and then—then, before I could cry out, before I could know him for a Sunderland, he had passed his sword through father's side—and I ran to help him—and he dropped dead from the saddle, whispering, 'Helen, tell our kinsmen it was a foul blow—wipe it out, lass—give no quarter.' And Ned Sunderland halted awhile to watch us, to mock at me as I tried to staunch the blood that bubbled on to the wet ground; and I cursed him, and he rode away laughing."

The little old woman forgot no stroke of the bell; but the knitting fell on her lap, and she lifted a face as stern as Helen's own. "Your father's lass. Put tears behind you, an' keep your hate hot, an' let th' sun set on it each night, and rise on it each morning, till the Sunderlands have paid the reckoning. Eh, Nellie, my dear, if I had your arms, if I had a tithe of your strength, it's out I'd go wi' ye this minute to begin the reaping—to begin the reaping."

Again that eerie, wind-broken silence fell upon the cobwebbed belfry-chamber.

"Hark!" whispered Helen, bending her ear towards the grating. "Did you hear that note in the wind, nurse?"

"Ay; 'twas the Sorrowful Woman."

"She never sings but for death," cried the girl, with a gruesome sort of joy in her voice. "I cannot wait, Lucy; she sings for a death to be died this night, and I must go. Father will lie lighter if—"

"Where are ye going? There's naught to be done till to-morrow."

"Straight to Ned Sunderland's. He will open the door to me; he will laugh when he sees who it is that has crossed the moor in search of him; and I shall look him in the face, Lucy, and strike—and there will be father's dead strength behind the blow, because he trusted me to set the quarrel right."

She drew her cloak close about her, stayed to make sure that Lucy would ring the bell till midnight, and went swiftly down the stair, heedless of the broken, smooth-worn steps that threatened to spoil her errand before she had well started. And the little old woman went on knitting, *click-clack*; and the bell swayed back and forth, bent on its work of mercy; and a great white owl was storm-driven through the window-grating, putting out the candle as it blundered across the room.

"Good hap to this devil's weather! Good hap to th' lassie's arm!" croaked the ringer of human souls. "Th' wind will be warm with the blood-reek soon, an' th' threshold will run red as a woman's heart, an' th' Sorrowful Woman will sup to her heart's content."

But Helen was out in the graveyard now. Possessed of a devil she was; so merrily the blood danced in her veins, so swiftly the wind-beats caught her, and held her, and made her spirit one with theirs. She was thinking of Ned Sunderland, and of the short two miles that lay between them.

The moon was out again, scudding fast as the wind itself behind a tattered trail of clouds. At the turn of the path she all but ran against a giant of a man, tall, brawny, with a massive, close-cropped head.

"Rolf, is it thou?" she cried.

"Ay, Nellie. What the devil art thou doing here on a wild night like this?" He spoke harshly, but his eyes, as they roved about his cousin's face, were full of tenderness.

"I came to see that—that father was cared for."

"Could'st not trust me to look to so slight a thing as that? Do I not know Mistress Thorpe as well as thou?"

He was minded to set his arms about her, but she stood away. "Not to-night, dear. I cannot bear it. Do not look at me like that, Rolf. Thou know'st I loved thee—yesterday; to-morrow I shall love thee. But to-night is father's. When Ned Sunderland has paid his price, come to me, dear, for I shall need thee. And now, thanks for thy thought of father; wast coming to see to the bell being rung?"

"Ay, till midnight. 'Twould be a trick of Mistress Thorpe to rob him even at the last. But, child, what of this paying a price? Was it Ned Sunderland that did it?"

"Ay, from behind. And they will say it was done for the feud's sake; and it will be the blackest lie that ever a Sunderland told. It was done for fear, Rolf. The woman that father brought home a year ago, the woman I tried to call mother, could not keep true for one poor twelve-month. She used to meet Ned Sunderland in the orchard, while the fine weather held, and fancied herself in love with him—and father caught them there—and Sunderland fled like a hare across the pasture-fields, leaving the woman to brave it out. And father swore to kill him, on

the first fair chance of fight that offered; and he knew it; and he saved himself by—"

"'Tis my right, Helen."

She came closer to him, laying a soft hand on his arm; for well she knew that it was as bitter almost to rob a man of honour as of his precedence in feud. "Thing, if any man's. But father left the right to me; and before the dawn is red I shall have taken the task away from thee."

And while Rolf Thorpe stood silent, eager to forbid the enterprise, yet fearful of crossing Helen's desires at such a time—while Helen herself had begun to move quietly up towards the moor—there came a rattling of horses' feet on the street below the churchyard, a clattering of harness gear and a stamping of feet as they pulled up sharp in front of the Bull doorway.

The one thought leaped into Helen's mind and her cousin's. They looked at one another, and, without further question asked, Rolf turned towards the lower gateway. "I will go and ask; stay here," he said curtly.

Yes, they knew Ned Sunderland's spirit, and they knew Mistress Thorpe; and it proved to be as they had guessed. A post-chaise stood at the doorway of the tavern, with a pair of bays harnessed to it, smoking from the rough up-hill scramble. Rolf Thorpe, seeing a postillion standing at the leader's head, slipped a piece of gold into his hand.

"One question," he whispered. "Is it for a runaway couple?"

The postillion nodded. "A loose-limbed fellow; he comes from some God-forsaken house across the moor."

"What time are they due here?"

"They are late already, and so are we, thanks to these devilish roads. Well, I care not what befalls the run-aways, after the journey they have made us take from Saxilton—not but what wedlock will be punishment enough," he added, with dry Yorkshire wit.

Rolf Thorpe laughed as he moved towards the churchyard steps. "They will be punished in good time; so go and whet thy whistle, and thank Heaven that it has spared thee a longer journey through the storm."

It was his quarrel after all, he said to himself. Nell could not let him stand idly by, for shame's sake, when young Sunderland stood before them.

"Is it they?" asked the girl, as he threaded his arm through hers and led her up the path towards the heath.

"Ay; and they will take the short way across the moor. Ned Sunderland was never the man to do aught but slink and slink, until needs must that he moved into sight of honest folk. Nell, a bargain between me and thee: if he come to-night, the fight is mine; if he fail, then I will let thee go and seek him."

She turned to look at the vault, with its flat, iron-ringed stone above; and she wondered if her father would rather that Rolf did what must be done, in place of the daughter who had loved him through the long years of trouble.

"They will lift that stone in three days' time, Rolf," she murmured aimlessly, "and we shall see the last of father, and know that the worms are merry with his flesh. It seems hard, very hard; he was a better man than any on the moor-side, save thee."

And then the "save thee" brought back her womanishness for a space, and she fell to sobbing in his arms; and the churchyard gate began to grumble on its hinges.

"They are here," whispered the man. "Nell, give me the right."

"Yes, yes. Only make no mistake, dear; clean through his heart. Can I trust thee?"

Ned Sunderland passed through the gateway, and with him a frail little trifle of a woman, dainty of figure, babyish of face. The wind was dropping fast, and the moon lay bright on moor and gravestones. Mistress Thorpe, shivering like a child, clung to her lover's side, and glanced up at him, and spoke—with a voice that the wild place laughed to hear, so soft, so feeble it was amid the solitude.

"Ned, are we really to bid good-bye to the moor for ever? How it frightens me! And such a night! Will they be long in driving us to Skipton?"

"Not long. The road is fair, and the horses good. Why, what a baby it is, to tremble so, just when we are free to make the most of each other!"

Both stopped on the sudden. A brawny figure blocked the pathway, and Mistress Thorpe shrank back under shelter of her comrade.

"I could have killed you like a rat, as you killed a better man not long ago," said Rolf; "but, being a Thorpe, I have a trick of asking for fair fight. Ye may win to Skipton town, ye two—but 'twill be at the sword's point."

Ned Sunderland eyed his enemy this way and that, seeking opportunity for a foul blow; but none showed itself.

"Come to this stone," went on Rolf peremptorily; "'tis a fitting ground for us—you know whose body it will cover before the moon is old?"

"Yours, maybe," snarled the other. "You are a Thorpe, if I have any eye for the breed."

Mistress Thorpe clung to her lover's arm. "Do not fight, Ned; he will kill—kill you," she wailed. "And I want to get away from this terrible place—it frightens me. Ned, you must not fight."

"Ay, Madam, he will fight," said Rolf curtly; "because there is no chance of escape left him. You will

fight, Sir, will you not?" And Helen Thorpe, standing in the shadows behind him, marvelled that this slow, honest Rolf could edge his speech with such sharp irony.

"To the death, curse you!" muttered Sunderland.

"That is well. You are a better man than you showed yourself one night in the Hall orchard—and Madam has cause to be proud of a lover who does not run away at the first hint of danger."

Helen came out from the shadows and stood at her step-mother's side, and Mistress Thorpe cried out as if she had seen a boggart.

"Could you not wait for one whole day?" said the girl, with bitter quiet. "You are very quick to make your pleasure sure. Father scarce cold, and your lover's blade scarce wiped—truly, you loved my father well!"

"It was not my fault—I—Helen, your hands hurt me! How dare you treat me so?" stammered Mistress Thorpe. For the girl, losing her self-restraint for the moment, had gripped the child-woman by the shoulders; there was something so spineless, so pitifully weak about her, and it seemed wild that such a she should have cost a good man his life.

"How dare I?" she flashed. "Keep very quiet, Madam, lest I remember the wrong you have done my father."

All the while Rolf had been moving backward towards the vault, his bare sword catching blue-grey glances from the moon; he dared not turn his face from young Sunderland, for he had little wish to be killed by a foul thrust from behind. They gained the stone, shimmering under the moonlight and the rain. Helen, fearful lest her father's murderer should refuse combat at this eleventh hour, taunted and stung and whipped him with her tongue, until his coward's heart was bold with fury.

And the fight began. One was playing for dear vengeance, the other for dearer life. And the wind sank low to a moan, because it knew that its own wild passions had passed from it, to hold body and soul of these two lusty men. There was little of the nicety of fence: thrust and parry and cut it was, cut and parry and thrust, till the light danced off like water from the blades, and the women's ears were full of the swinging clang of steel on steel.

Mistress Thorpe was all a-tremble, like a foolish aspen-tree; now this she murmured, and now that, until she was like to kill her lover, woman's fashion, by sheer interference of her tongue. But Helen stood, with a face of scorn, saying no word, making no motion—watching, always watching, with a certainty that Rolf would end the struggle soon.

Ned Sunderland, reckless and hard pressed, made a sudden onslaught—and Rolf escaped the blade by a bare half-inch—and his foe stumbled, pressed by his own idle blow. Mistress Thorpe made forward, eager to save the craven who had won her love; but Helen gripped her by the arms, and forced her back, and laughed for sheer devilry of fight. Sunderland recovered, and kept up a weakened defence, and Rolf's sword pried out and in about his body, seeking a place to strike.

"Helen, save him! your cousin will listen to you—the night grows late—we want to get to Skipton," pleaded Mistress Thorpe.

Not a word spoke Helen. Not a word spoke the wind, shuddering into the corners of the graveyard for dread. But the laboured breath of the men sounded loud as a cry almost in the quiet place. Sunderland, for all his coward's heart, was a cunning swordsman enough when need compelled him to risk his skin; he had lost his first wild panic, and settled down to a steadier effort.

"Remember!" cried the girl, as she saw her cousin give back a little.

Just the one word, and love of Helen drove the strength back into Rolf's arm—hate of his foe, for Helen's sake, made of him something greater than a man. He regained the lost ground—he gave a cry like a madman—there was a rough, wild jar of steel, a groan from Ned Sunderland.

"Save him, Helen!" wailed Mistress Thorpe, like a child repeating a lesson by rote.

"Save him? Look there—he strikes—Rolf, Rolf, drive home! A good stroke! A good stroke! Thank God!"

It was all over. Rolf Thorpe wiped his blade on the sleeve of his coat; his cousin came and drew down his great rough head and kissed him on the mouth; the little wisp of

a woman knelt by her lover's side and tried to stop the blood with a foolish bit of cambric, and talked to Ned Sunderland as if her voice were greater than God's own, to bring a dead man back to life.

Helen was strung to the storm's pitch still, though the wind had died and all that was left of the hail lay quiet on the quiet ground.

"It is not done yet!" she cried. "I thought that one life would do—and what is he now?—such a thankless lump of clay to pay for father's death! Nay, there is more to be done. Listen, Rolf! We will go to our kinsfolk—you to Blackshaw Hall, I to Withens—we will meet in an hour's time at the crossways, and call the Sunderlands out of their beds. Come, Rolf, quick! No quarter, said father with his last breath, and God forgive me if I rest before the whole tale is told!"

He followed her eager bidding—followed her through the graveyard wicket—followed her into the still, waste spaces of the moor, where the hail nestled white beneath the heather. And the voice of the Sorrowful Woman still piped a tune for their feet.

At the stroke of twelve the little old woman came down the belfry steps, slowly and cautiously, because her knees were stiff with rheumatism. She was weary with ringing, and her fingers ached with the knitting; yet she had no thought of such bodily matters as she stepped out into the moonlit burial-place.



"He is dead; let us alone," answered Mistress Thorpe, lifting her childish face.

"Her father's lass—ay, every bone of her," she muttered. "Has she killed him by now—has she struck—?"

A sound of dreadful grief came from above. The Sexton's wife broke off in the middle of her sentence, and shuffled up the wet stone pathway, and came to where Mistress Thorpe sat, with her lover's head on her lap, and one baby hand pressed close to the wound above his heart.

She touched Mistress Thorpe on the shoulder. "A death for a death," said she; "yet not with all your tears to help will Ned Sunderland be a fit exchange for th' Squire. It will need a hundred such as him or ye to pay the price."

"He is dead; let us alone," answered Mistress Thorpe, lifting her childish face.

And the little old woman quailed, as she saw that the light in the eyes of Mistress Thorpe was wild as the moor itself, and mad as a corpse-light's path across the bog. And very quietly she moved away, leaving them to their bridal night.

And, away from over the moor, there came a shouting and a cursing, and the roar of cumbrous fire-arms, as if men were fighting to the death.

THE END.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. C. E. Brooke, of Kennington, announces that on and after the first Sunday of September all who wish to receive the Holy Communion at eleven o'clock must send in their names and addresses at least some time the day before. Mr. Brooke explains that he has decided on this course of action simply to protect the holy mysteries from profanation and insult.

Mr. Sydney Gedge, M.P., declines to support the Bill which is to be introduced into the House of Commons next session with the object of depriving the Bishops of their right to prevent prosecutions under the Public Worship Regulation Act. Mr. Gedge approves of the veto, and thinks that the Bishops have exercised their right wisely. He says that the truth will prevail over false doctrines if it be proclaimed and taught and lived by those who hold it. Mr. Gedge has been known as a prominent Evangelical.

The Bishop of Worcester has sent to the *Times* a correspondence he has lately had with Lord Halifax on the subject of the Athanasian Creed. Lord Halifax said recently that those who advocated the removal of the Creed from the public services of the Church did so because it insisted on the necessity of holding the Catholic faith. Bishop Perowne quotes a passage from the "Liberty of Prophecy," in which Jeremy Taylor stated his objections to the Creed, while heartily persuaded of the truth of its propositions, and further adduces the names of Bishop Thirlwall and Archbishop Magee as opponents to the public recitation of the Creed, though beyond the reproach of being lax in their religious belief, or indifferent to the verities the Creed sets forth. He repudiates the odious charge of infidelity. Lord Halifax accepts Bishop Perowne's explanation so far as it regards himself, but adheres to his own opinion that this is not the case with the majority of those who object to its recitation in church, and that with a few exceptions the objection to the Creed arises either from ignorance and prejudice or from a repudiation of all authority in matters of belief.

The death is announced of the mother of the Bishop of St. David's at an advanced age. The deceased lady was a staunch Methodist to the last, and a regular contributor to the funds of the Connexion.

It is stated that the pecuniary sacrifices which Mr. Welldon is making in leaving his Head-mastership in order to accept the Bishopric of Calcutta, are such as have probably never before been associated with the filling of a see abroad.

The Rev. W. R. Pym, M.A., Vicar of Rotherham, who has accepted the Bishopric of Mauritius and its dependencies, has been very active in regard to Church extension and education, and has been a stalwart upholder of the Voluntary school system. He was put in charge of St. John's, Miles Platting, in 1882, immediately after the memorable troublous times in that parish.

The tenant-farmers of the district in Essex affected by the great hailstorm of last year have sent an address to the Rev. F. A. Adams, Vicar of Doddinghurst, acknowledging his great services in connection with the relief fund, which finally amounted to a sum approaching £30,000. More than £1000 reached the fund immediately through Mr. Adams's hands. A substantial gift was also proposed, but was declined by Mr. Adams.

No decisive step seems to have been taken in connection with the ordination of Father Ignatius, but the Bishop of Llandaff is reported to have said that the only interpretation he can put upon it is that Father Ignatius now leaves the Church of England altogether.

There are now throughout the world 29,634 congregations of Presbyterians, with a total membership of 4,627,149. In England, since 1876, there has been a large increase alike of congregations and of members.

It has been suggested that there should be a Churchmen's memorial to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gladstone being before all things a loyal son of the Catholic Church in this country. The *Guardian* suggests that a good plan would be to put some one agency for the rescue of fallen women out of debt and danger.

THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.



R. C. Woodville.
1898.

TALKING WITH THE MEGAPHONE ON THE NILE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS.

Major Elmslie, of the 37th Field Battery, had a couple of Megaphones made at the Citadel, Cairo, for use in communicating with the Égyptians and steamers carrying the howitzers and Maxims to the front.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

The Antarctic Expedition, equipped by the generosity of Sir George Newnes, has started on its adventurous quest on board the fine steam-barque *Southern Cross*. Mr. Borchgrevink, the leader of the expedition, has already sailed Antarctic seas, and is, indeed, the first man who has landed on the vast icefields of Victoria Land since Sir James Ross's days. The white and threatening wall of ice which seemed to that earlier voyager and discoverer to bar effectually the passage to the South Pole does not, to Mr. Borchgrevink, appear so impossible. He hopes, with the appliances he carries, to be able to scale it, and once atop, to find a vast table-land of snow, across which his sledge-party will find smooth and easy running to their goal, or as near thereto as may be. The *Southern Cross* will sail to Hobart Town, and thence will make her way to Cape Adair, where a party of eight will land and erect huts to serve as a base of operations. The wood for these huts is stowed in the hold of the vessel. The *Southern Cross* will then leave the eight heroes until September 1899, when she will return, and the word will be, "All hands to the Pole!"



Photo Forbeck, Christiania.
MR. C. E. BORCHGREVINK,
LEADER OF THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

and visitors and friends had an opportunity of inspecting them before the ship sailed. On Friday, Aug. 19, a farewell luncheon-party was given by Sir George Newnes on board the *Southern Cross*. Speeches were made, toasts were honoured, and the brave adventurers were bidden a hearty "Good-bye and God-speed." The proceedings closed with the National Anthem. The main object of the expedition will be, of course, to discover the South Pole, but scientific research will receive strenuous attention from the highly trained men of science who compose the party.

When backing out of Margate on Sunday after disembarking most of her passengers, the handsome Channel pleasure-steamer *La Marguerite* ran aground. A dense fog prevailed, and two of her sister steamers failed to move *La Marguerite*. The tide was ebbing at the time, and the vessel was soon left high and dry on the rocks, but no damage was done to *La Marguerite*, which was floated early on Monday morning.

An exciting scene occurred in the Church of St. James the Less, Liverpool, on Sunday forenoon. Mr. George Wise, the Liverpool Kensit, crowded the church with his supporters, a thousand strong, to protest against the "Romanising" of the Anglican service, which they believe the Vicar, the Rev. Septimus Firman, has brought about. When the Vicar appeared in his biretta and chasuble, his procession of acolytes was hissed; the cries of "You ought to be hung!" and "Judas!" rang through the church. Then the protestors repudiated the incense by sneezing aggressively. When reciting the Commandments, the Vicar was jeered at as he read "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image." The ringing of the mass-bell was

greeted with shouts of "Ring the bell, Sammy!" and at the end of the service the Vicar was saved from an ugly rush only by the presence of the police. Mr. Wise intends to pay a visit to St. Chad's Church next week.

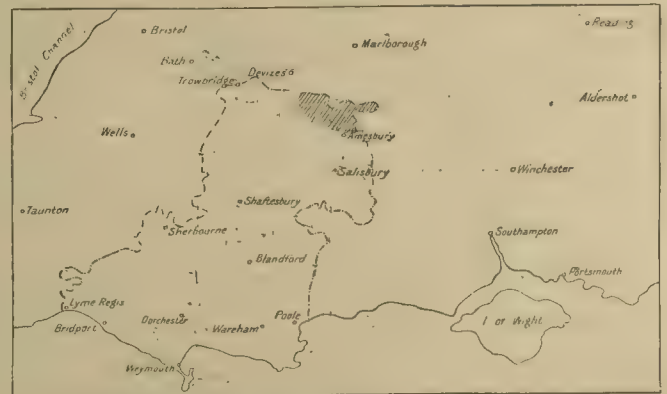
For the first time in her career the Princess of Wales figures on a postage-stamp. It is Newfoundland that has thus enshrined her. Many years ago it placed a portrait of the Prince of Wales on a stamp. He was shown as a little boy with a Glengarry bonnet and a plaid. Last November another portrait of the Prince was issued; and Prince Edward of York will soon be enshrined in a similar way. Pictures of children on stamps have been rather familiar recently, for the girl-Queen of Holland has been so represented, while Alfonso of Spain has been shown as a chubby little boy. The enterprise of Newfoundland is to be commended, for the stamps of the colony present a striking contrast to our own jaundiced-looking issues. Some of the Australian Colonies have recently appeared with a fine set of picture-stamps. Indeed, an interesting collection of stamps which actually illustrate the history of the countries they represent could be made. It is difficult to understand why we, at home, who really created the postage-stamp, should lag so far behind: we have even gone back on our early issues, notably the beautiful old brick-red.



Preparations are now almost complete for the seven days' campaign which will begin on Sept. 1 on the new manoeuvre area in the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain. The district covered by the operations is, roughly speaking, a great rhomboid, the base of which is the south-west coast from Lyme Regis to Poole. With this base let an acute angle be formed by a line extending from Lyme Regis to Trowbridge. The third side, parallel to the base, may be found by drawing a line from Trowbridge to a point a few miles north-east of Amesbury, from which a line to Poole will complete the figure. The other considerable towns included in the area are Salisbury, Shaftesbury, Sherborne, Blandford, Westbury, Dorchester, Wareham, Bridport, and Weymouth.

The Duke of Connaught's Army Corps, designated for purposes of mimic warfare the Northern Army, will be encamped around Salisbury at a radius of about three miles. There will be four camps, one for each of the three infantry divisions and one for the cavalry and corps troops; but to the superficial observer there will be seen but three, as the second and third divisions will occupy common ground at Homington. The Homington camp is pitched on an oval hill about 300 feet above sea-level. To the north of the hill in a wide meadow is the ground of the 4th Brigade. On the south the hill slopes to the Ebbie, a tributary of the Avon, and here the engineers have set up a pump which will supply the camp on the hill with water at the rate of 6410 gallons an hour. The pump in question is an old campaigner, having seen service at Suakin.

The first division will enjoy an even loftier situation, their camp being pitched on a hill some 500 feet high, to the north-west of Wilton. The main division is already on the ground, and is encamped on Perham Down twenty miles away, but will to-day march up and take possession of its hill station at Wilton. The third camp is at Winterbourne Ford, east of Old Sarum Hill. There the cavalry brigade and the corps troops will be



THE MILITARY MANOEUVRES: DIAGRAM OF THE PROCLAIMED AREA.

located. The area occupied will be about 2400 square miles, affording sufficient distance to permit the commanders of both sides much excellent practice in resolving what has recently been called Fog of War—the uncertainty which prevails until the whereabouts of the enemy is cleared up. The greater the distance apart of the points of concentration, the thicker of course this fog, and the better the training for the mimic belligerents.

The questions before the Canadian Conference at Quebec will relate to Reciprocal Free Trade, Fisheries, the Yukon Gold-fields, Domestic Bonding, and the new United States Navy. Free-trade between Canada and the United States on a reciprocal basis will be proposed, and it is not unlikely the lumber schedule will provoke keen discussion. The Colonial Secretary is understood to be specially interested in this portion of the negotiations. The Alaskan seal fisheries will also be fully considered, while the Alaskan boundary dispute will be discussed in the light of the recent discoveries of gold in the Yukon. The delegates to the conference are, on the home behalf, Lord Herschell; on behalf of Canada, Sir Wilfred Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, Minister of Trade and Commerce; Sir Louis Davies, Minister of Marine and Fisheries; and Mr. John Charleson; on behalf of Newfoundland, Sir James Winter; and for the United States, Mr. Nelson Dingley, Senators Gray and Fairbanks, General John W. Foster, Mr. Coolidge, and Mr. Kasson. General Foster is a diplomatist who has represented the United States abroad; Senators Gray and Fairbanks are eminent lawyers; while Messrs. Kasson and Dingley represent respectively Reciprocity and high Protection.

Another very pleasant example of her Majesty's mindfulness was noticed during the presentation of decorations to the Dargai heroes, which took place at Osborne on Aug. 19. Ten men who had distinguished themselves on the North-West Frontier paraded to receive their medals. Among them was Private Anthony, of the Dorsetshire Regiment, who performed a signal act of gallantry during the affair of the Dargai heights. The Dorsetshires had been ordered to the front, and, as the fight was proceeding, Anthony saw a wounded comrade in sore peril. By a bold dash, Anthony reached the wounded man and brought him to a place of safety. He then



THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: THE "SOUTHERN CROSS."

attempted a second rescue, but fell with a broken arm. Happily the Gordons came up, and carried Anthony out of the line of fire. For a considerable time after being brought home Anthony lay in Netley Hospital, where he was twice seen by her Majesty. During the recent Osborne ceremony, as soon as Anthony was presented in the Council Chamber, her Majesty recognised him, saying, "Anthony, I have seen you before in hospital." Anthony and his comrades in bravery had each the honour and satisfaction of an individual commendation from the Queen.

Keats enthusiasts need not disturb themselves, for the home of the poet, known as Lawn Bank, Downshire Hill, Hampstead, is *not* coming down, as the gossips have stated. The confusion has arisen from the fact that Wentworth House is coming down, and that structure has got mixed up with Lawn Bank; for the latter originally consisted of two houses which were called Wentworth Place. In one of these lived Sir Charles Dilke's grandfather (who let it to Fanny Brawne's mother); in the other lived Mr. Charles Armitage Brown. Keats first lived with Mr. Brown; when his health gave way he went to Mrs. Brawne's. The two houses were afterwards converted into one by Miss Chester, the private reader to George IV., and she called them Lawn Bank. What between Wentworth House and Wentworth Place, and between Brown and Brawne, the mistake was natural. In the front garden of Lawn Bank Keats wrote his "Ode to the Nightingale."

Nothing is sacred to the sapper, and nothing is unattainable to the Swiss engineer. Already many of the isolated peaks that command a good view over the mountain ranges can be reached by various cable and cogwheel railways, and this year sees the Gornergrat—hitherto a virgin peak—vanquished by the unconquerable civil engineer. The Gornergrat, near Zermatt, is not an isolated peak, but an elevated ridge rising between the Findelen and Gorner glaciers to a height of over 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. It has long been a favourite excursion from Zermatt, as there is an unrivalled view, and the mule-path that leads to the summit renders it accessible to the laziest and least athletic. The railway used to stop at Zermatt, and thence the traveller had to go on foot or by mule to the summit, a tramp of some five hours. The railway that is to be opened this week will perform the journey in about an hour and a half, and will certainly be patronised by those who object to the dusty footpath and the jolting ride on a mule.

The railway—which has a one-mètre gauge—starts from the old Zermatt station and crosses to the eastern side of the valley. It rises by a gradient of about one in five to a point just beneath the Ryffelalp Hotel, where in a semicircular tunnel, only two hundred yards long, the train completely reverses its direction and returns towards the Findelen Valley. The Ryffelalp station overlooks this valley, and the line, after passing another tunnel, turns south again towards the Ryffelberg Hotel, where there is another station. From this point to the summit the ascent is fairly easy, and follows the old mule-path.

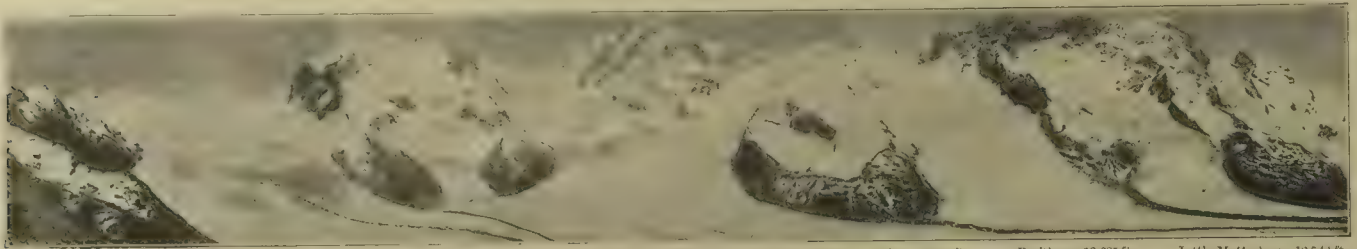


Photo H. C. S. Rep.

LAWN BANK: KEATS'S HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD.

Switzerland, the Rigi being only a little more than half the height of the Gornergrat. Fortunately the new railway has not spoil the appearance of the valley, as it runs among the trees, and for those who think that mountains are meant for climbing there is always the stony mule-path. We are indebted for our illustrations to Mr. W. Howard Hazell.

On Saturday, Aug. 20, the German Emperor visited Mainz. The picturesque old city was *en fête* for the occasion. The streets were decorated, and the inhabitants turned out in large numbers to do honour to the illustrious guest. At seven a.m. his Majesty, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Hesse, rode up to the gates of the castle, where a triumphal arch had been erected. The city officials and public companies, with



Cima de Jazzi, 12,625 ft. Monte Rosa, 15,217 ft. Lyskamm, 14,800 ft. Castor, 13,873 ft. Pollux, 13,421 ft. Breithorn, 13,635 ft. Little Matterhorn, 12,740 ft.

THE NEW ALPINE RAILWAY: THE VIEW THAT MAY BE SEEN FROM THE STATION AT THE GORNERGRAT.

The trains will be driven by electricity, which will be generated from the torrent that flows from the Findelen glacier, a huge pipe down the mountain-side carrying the water at a high pressure to the dynamos beneath the bridge. The dynamos are capable of developing 1500-horse power, and the current will be conveyed by overhead wires to the motors attached to the carriages. The bridge across the Findelen is unique, as it is 164 feet above the river, or sixteen feet higher than the bridge at Fribourg, hitherto the highest railway bridge in Switzerland. The electrical motors will drive on to a central cogged rail, between the two ordinary rails, as the gradient is much too steep for the train to be driven by simple adhesion.

The line has been building for the past three years, and the many hundreds of voluble Italian workmen engaged upon it made a strong contrast in appearance and speech



THE NEW ALPINE RAILWAY: RYFFELALP STATION, ON THE WAY TO THE GORNERGRAT.

to the inhabitants of the valley. The bad weather has greatly hindered the work, as even at the end of June there were several feet of snow on the summit of the Gornergrat. Work was begun each year in April or May, and deep cuttings in the snow added to the difficulties and dangers of the work. This railway is considerably higher than any in

their insignia, were in waiting, and on the Emperor's arrival the Chief Burgomaster, Dr. Gassner, greeted him with an address recalling the historical glories of the ancient seat of Charlemagne and Barbarossa. He pointed out that the city had ever been a rallying-point and starting-point for great movements, civil and religious, and gracefully alluded to it as the meeting-place on the present occasion of the old Roman Empire and the new Empire of Germany. His Majesty cordially replied, claiming old acquaintance with the city and desiring the Burgomaster to thank the citizens in his name for the welcome and decorations. After touching on the destruction of the Roman Empire in Germany he said that the present German Empire "reared itself upon the basis of love of Fatherland. I am firmly determined to preserve with all my strength the work of my grandfather and the peace which is dear to us." It was from Mainz that old William started on his march to the West when he, with firm hammerstroke, welded together the German Empire. A reprint of the Emperor's speeches would be very interesting. A sham fight, a review, and a banquet followed, after which the Emperor left for Cronberg.

The Czar seems very anxious to continue on a friendly footing with the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria. He has just ordered that the first company of the St. Petersburg Life Guards is to be officially known as "His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor's Company," while the first company of the Kescholm Life Guards is to be called "His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria's Company." By the way, Lord Lonsdale is to be the Kaiser's guest at the imperial manoeuvres at Oeynhausen.

The fire-brigade camp at Blenheim, which came to an end on Wednesday, was organised there probably because the Duke of Marlborough is an enthusiastic amateur fireman. Nor is he the first nobleman who has had aspirations that way, for the late Duke of Sutherland used to keep a fire-engine of his own in London, and loved to gallop through the streets on it to a fire. Then the present Earl of Egmont actually served for some years in the London Fire Brigade. He succeeded his cousin, the seventh Earl of Egmont, last year. At Blenheim 500 officers and men, representing 201 brigades throughout the country, were accommodated.

Anything connected with Bristol records must inevitably suggest the precocious forgeries of Chatterton. Such a reminder has been given to book-lovers by a peculiarly interesting discovery made the other day by Mr. Norris Matthews, the City Librarian of Bristol. In examining some bound volumes of the earliest fifteenth-century works the Librarian discovered that certain volumes catalogued under one name really contained several independent works. From among the brown-paper parcels of a lumber-room also he has rescued a magnificent folio of St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," printed at Basle in 1479. The earliest printed account of Cabot's voyages has also been recovered. Another work has note upon it which are believed to have been written by Chatterton himself. Some MSS. have also come to light, one of the most curious being a mediæval work on surgery, illustrated with quaint drawings of surgeons and their patients.

T H E S O U D A N A D V A N C E .



THE GUARDS IN CAIRO: GENERAL GRENFELL RECEIVING THE REGIMENT AT THE KASR-EL-NIL BARRACKS.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The title of this column practically indicates the scope of its contents, and I am rarely tempted to stray beyond the limits assigned to me. Europe, as a rule, affords a sufficiently interesting variety of events to satisfy the most ambitious journalist. The irony of history, which, I am afraid, is a constant prompter with me, whether I read or write, proved, however, too strong for me the other day, when my eye caught the following passage from the despatch of the well-informed Paris Correspondent of an esteemed contemporary: "Great and justifiable satisfaction is felt in official circles here at the part played by this Government in restoring peace between the United States and Spain."

The French, then, are gratified at clinching, or helping to clinch, an arrangement in virtue of which Cuba shall be wrenched from Spain to be handed over virtually or

desire on all occasions of Louis Philippe to drive a hard bargain. The latter supposition is the more probable, for the proceedings were throughout kept a secret. The affair happened as long as sixty-one years ago; to be precise, it happened in January 1837. At the beginning of that month, Aguado, the well-known Spanish banker, who was at one time concerned in the financing of the Opera, when it had passed out of the control of the Civil List, requested a strictly private and absolutely secret interview of Talleyrand, which was granted.

Aguado, it turned out, only proposed to introduce a secret envoy from Queen Cristina, the great-grandmother of the present King, Alfonso XIII. Cristina was in greater money difficulties than usual, and offered to sign away Cuba for the sum of thirty millions of reals, with Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands thrown in for another ten millions. After comparatively short negotiations, the King, Talleyrand, and Señor Campuzano, Cristina's unwilling envoy, it should be said, met in private

to a war, demanded a reduction of three millions of reals on the purchase money. "Seven millions of reals is my final offer; if it be not accepted the contract had better be flung into the fire," he said somewhat peremptorily, pushing the document across the table.

Talleyrand was about to interfere, for he liked neither haste nor violence, but before he could open his lips, the Spanish envoy sprang to his feet, and so suddenly as to overturn the chair on which he was seated, and which rolled across the floor. Oblivious or indifferent at that moment to the presence of majesty, he leant forward, seized both the documents, twisted them together, and looking Louis Philippe straight in the face, said deliberately: "Your Majesty is right, the contract is of no use; it is only fit to be thrown into the fire." And suiting the action to the words, he strode across the apartment, kicked the burning logs on the hearth with his boot, forced the papers between the incandescent embers, and stood stock-still until the charred wisps told him that all the documentary



THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.—THE TROOPS LEAVING CAIRO: WATER SUPPLY FOR THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS.

After a long, thirsty march from the Kasr-el-Nil Barracks to the Cairo Railway Station, the men of the Rifle Brigade were supplied with water on the platform before starting for the front.

theoretically—or both—to the United States. I intend no disrespect to the United States: they wanted a certain thing, they fought for it, and it is but right that the victors should have the spoils; at any rate, it is considered right, since the great statesman who lately went to his rest stood up for this principle, and Europe at large, too dazed by the magnificent prowess of the German armies, acquiesced. I am only looking at the cession of Cuba from the French point of view, or perhaps from the simple view of the historical student—as distinct from the historian—with a good memory for what he has read, no matter how long ago.

Well, if the French are gratified at the arrangement which MM. Delcassé and Cambon are helping to promote, all I can say is that the nation is very easy to please, and that the two gentlemen who have directed its foreign policy in this instance are still more easily satisfied than they. Or, perhaps, both the nation and the present tenant of the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères do not remember that Cuba might have belonged to France. More likely, they never knew the fact, which did not become an accomplished fact mainly owing to the greed and the irresistible

conference in a small apartment at the Tuileries. Only Talleyrand's secretary and Aguado were admitted to witness the signing of the deeds, for it had already come to that in the hurry imposed by the dread of the whole affair leaking out and coming to the knowledge of Palmerston, at that time the only European statesman of whom both Talleyrand and his royal master stood in awe.

The provisions of the contract were read over in a shaky voice by Señor Campuzano, who looked absolutely grief-stricken, and at the end of each article or clause there was a short interval, during which the club-footed diplomatist and the Citizen-King conferred in whispers. The cession of Cuba led, however, to few observations; it was practically smooth sailing; the price had been debated and settled beforehand; and finally the signatures were all duly appended.

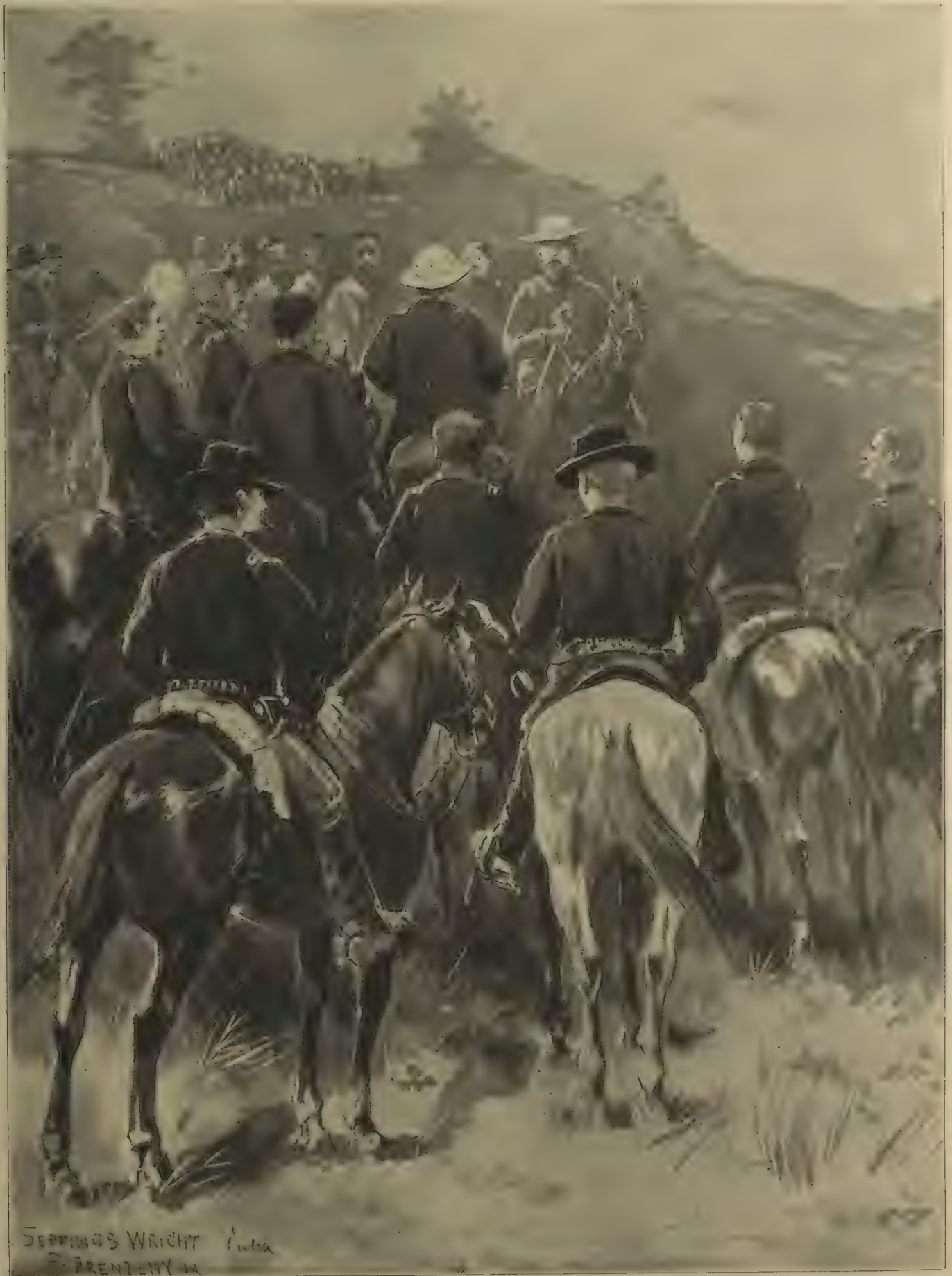
Not so smooth was the discussion of the articles relating to the cession of Porto Rico and the Philippines. Louis Philippe, on the pretext that the transfer of the latter islands would be so obnoxious to England as possibly to lead

evidence of the proposed nefarious transaction had for ever vanished.

In spite of all his sangfroid, even Talleyrand was thunder-struck, but remained absolutely mute. He afterwards avowed that in all his diplomatic experience the scene was positively unique. Never had he seen majesty, even fallen majesty, treated with such *sans-façon*, and Louis Philippe was at that moment by no means a fallen monarch. Campuzano remained literally master of the field. By the time he had recovered from his excitement and wrath all the actors in the scene had departed, "without the smallest observance of the usual ceremonies of courtly dismissal or leave-taking," says my informant, who probably had the whole of the scene from a very near relation of Talleyrand.

Personally, I fail to see a just reason for the present feeling of gratification of the French. Louis Philippe's greed reminds me, though, of the greed of Thiers, who proposed to give up Belfort rather than pay another milliard of francs for indemnity. "A town," he said, "you can always get back; a milliard you can never get back."

CLOSE OF THE SPANISH - AMERICAN WAR: THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO.



BETWEEN THE LINES: THE MEETING OF GENERAL SHAFER AND GENERAL TORAL.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

C L O S E O F T H E S P A N I S H - A M E R I C A N W A R



THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN: HELD UP AT AN UGLY CORNER.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

The dangerous and difficult bend which formed the scene of this incident is popularly known by the uncompromising nickname of "Bloody Angle."

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Memorials of an Eighteenth Century Painter. (James Northcote.) By Stephen Gwynn. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
General Sir Richard Meade, and the Feudatory States of Central and Southern India. By Thomas Henry Thornton. C.S.I., D.C.L. (Longmans.)
When Lint was in the Bell. By Archibald M'Ilroy. (McEwan, Stevenson, and Orr.)
The Ambition of Judith. By Olive Birrell. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)
Kensington Palace. By W. J. Loftie, F.R.S.A. (Farmer and Sons.)

Mr. Stephen Gwynn has done a good work well in his "Memorials of an Eighteenth Century Painter," since this authentic autobiography of James Northcote gives us graphic glimpses of an interesting man and of a yet more interesting time. The book also will modify the popular impression of Northcote as the Boswell of Sir Joshua Reynolds, if it does not altogether bear out Hazlitt's enthusiastic description: "Of all the Academicians, the

his querulously, nor are they querulously urged by Dr. Thornton, his biographer. He might excusably have made more of the unaccountable omission of Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn) to make special mention in his despatches of one of the finest of all the fine things done in the Mutiny—Meade's venturing alone into the Sindhia's palace, occupied, as it was, with a host of defeated and desperate fanatics, with whom he successfully negotiated for its surrender. Not less noble and notable than his bravery in battle was his fortitude under dastardly Press attacks of which he was prevented officially from taking notice. It will be a revelation to most of us to find that Nana Sahib, execrated universally as the Satan of the Mutiny, was a mere fly upon the wheel, a feeble puppet in the hands of the mutineers.

A prize might be offered by an enterprising journalist in his puzzle column for the interpretation of the title of a really delightful little book of sketches after the model of "Our Village"—"When Lint was in the Bell." It probably means when flax was in bud, as the sketches all

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Edward Clodd writes a surprising letter to the *Daily Chronicle* in reference to the announcement which has been made that the new edition of Omar Khayyám, with illustrations, which Messrs. Macmillan are about to publish, will be dedicated to the Omar Khayyám Club. Mr. Clodd suggests that the Omar Khayyám Club needs this dedication less than it needs a cheap edition of the "Rubaiyat." I hope that Messrs. Macmillan will believe that Mr. Clodd's view is not shared by the Club as a whole. It was at the suggestion of one of the presidents of the Omar Khayyám Club that the publishers gave consideration to the project of dedicating their next edition to the members, and it seems to me just a little ungracious that any member should now suggest that the thing would not be a very pleasant compliment.

The question of a cheap edition of FitzGerald's book is quite a separate one. It is rather startling that a distinguished man of letters can write to the newspapers to-day to inform the world that he has purchased for four



THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN WILTS AND DORSET: AN AWKWARD INCIDENT.

On Saturday, August 20, while the artillery were at work, a gun was completely overturned while taking a bank diagonally. Both wheels, the gun, and limber were literally turned upside down.

painters or persons I have ever known, Mr. Northcote is the most to my taste. It may be said of him truly—

Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale
 His infinite variety."

How little, however, of a Boswellian toady, and how much of an un-Boswellian humorist Northcote was, may be inferred from the following delightful story: "Sir Joshua," said Northcote, "once asked me, 'What do you know of the Prince of Wales that he so often speaks to me about you?' I remember I made him laugh by my answer, for I said, 'Oh, he knows nothing of me, nor I of him—it's only his bragging!'" "Well," said Sir Joshua, "that is spoken like a king." Like a king, also, Northcote turned upon the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.), when his Royal Highness ventured to say brutally to him, touching his dishevelled grey hair, "You don't devote much time to the toilette, I perceive." Northcote instantly replied, "Sir, I never allow anyone to take personal liberties with me; you are the first who ever presumed to do so, and I beg your Royal Highness to recollect that I am in my own house."

No more absolute antithesis to James Northcote can be imagined than General Sir Richard Meade, as a man not only of action, but of the most imperturbable temper and of the most exquisite tact. Being an Indian official, he, of course, had a grievance, for there seems to be something in the sultry climate of India that breeds grievances as a marsh breeds midges; but Meade was not the man to urge

represent North of Ireland villagers and village life. They are admirable and of great promise for Mr. M'Ilroy's future. We have but one crow to pluck with the author—his putting into the mouth of a village idiot one of Charles Lamb's happy retorts. This "innocent," upon being rebuked by the minister for always coming into the meeting-house late, made Elia's defence to the same charge: "Weel, yer reverence, a' may be last in, but a'm maistly first oot."

Miss Olive Birrell's "Ambition of Judith" fails, as the heroine fails, through not being thorough enough. If—

To be weak is miserable
 Doing or suffering,

to be alternately and impulsively weak and strong, and weak and strong at the wrong times and places, is more fatal still. Judith virtually commits theft and homicide only to gain by them unendurable remorse, and earns her thirty pieces of silver only to fling them from her in an agony of despair. If Judith had been the heroine she was designed to be, we should have looked for a tragic, or at least a melodramatic, ending; but she fizzles out as tamely and inconsequently as she had sinned.

Mr. Loftie's seventy-one page quarto gives the clearest account of Kensington Palace that has appeared. The Palace has a history going back five centuries at least, but its chief interest for us is the fact that it was the birth-place of the Queen. The book is excellently illustrated.

shillings a pirated edition of a book, and even more startling that the editor of that journal should inform his readers that another pirated edition can be obtained for two shillings. As a matter of fact, there is a very pretty edition of FitzGerald published in the United States at one shilling, another at two, and another at four. All these have been sent to me unasked, and I plead guilty to not having sent them back. But it is quite open to Messrs. Macmillan to prosecute any bookseller who is found selling these pirated copies. What would Mr. Clodd and the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*—both of them authors—think if I were to suggest in these columns that the public should never buy their masterpieces through Messrs. Longmans, Fisher Unwin, or whatever firms may happen to publish them, but should obtain cheaper editions through some American pirate?

No doubt it would be very pleasant to see a copy of FitzGerald's "Omar" in the "Golden Treasury" series. That has so often been suggested. But that one should threaten the Macmillans by dangling the pirate before them seems to me to be very questionable ethics. Nor is it, I imagine, the Omar Khayyám Club that is most in want of a cheap edition of the great poem. Presumably all the members already have a copy. It is on the grounds that the book would thus reach a wider audience, which has hitherto been deterred by the somewhat high price of half a guinea, that one wishes that Messrs. Macmillan may see their way to this much-discussed cheaper edition of FitzGerald.

C. K. S.



MILAN CATHEDRAL.

From an Etching by W. V. Collette.

THE THAMES: FROM THE TOWER TO IFFLEY.



THE TOWER BRIDGE.



KEW REACH.

THE THAMES: FROM THE TOWER TO IFFLEY.



BRAY CHURCH, NEAR MAIDENHEAD.



IFFLEY MILL, NEAR OXFORD.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been reading that charming story by Mr. Seton Merriman, "Roden's Corner." The tale is not only an exciting one in the sense that its interest never flags, but its sketches of character, and especially the society phases with which Mr. Merriman deals, are drawn with the hand of a master. I congratulate the author on his latest success; but there is one passage in the novel which I venture to think will bear emendation. This is the scene in which Tony Cornish, inveigled into Van Holden's room, is left to be suffocated by carbonic acid gas. Mr. Merriman skillfully describes the sudden collapse of Cornish, and he is probably correct in this description, although there appears to be a very short interval allowed for the onset of the gas between Van Holden's leaving the room and the fall of his victim. As Cornish is described in the story lying on the floor, it struck me that he would be precisely in the position in which the gas would be most likely to affect him. Carbonic acid is colourless, and has no smell, though it has an acid taste—a point Mr. Merriman has duly noted. But it is 1·529 times heavier than air, and tends to fall to the lowest level of a room, and it is just this latter fact which makes me think Mr. Merriman's graphic description might be slightly improved—I mean in the sense that Cornish's position was more likely to render him amenable to the influence of the gas than to restore him. I admit the circumstance of fresh air being described as coming in at the bottom of the door being in Mr. Merriman's favour, but if the atmosphere was so highly charged with carbonic acid as to cause Cornish to collapse at once, it is more than likely the amount of air admitted under the door would not have neutralised the toxic effects of the gas.

In conformity with my custom of noting any new books bearing on science which may prove interesting to the readers of this column, there is a recently published book that should be widely read by a large section of the public. I refer to the work entitled, "The Mineral Waters and Health Resorts of Europe," by Dr. H. Weber and Dr. P. P. Weber. Both authors are well entitled to write with authority on this topic, for each has made a special study of climates and resorts in view of the wants of invalids of varied types. It is not the invalid alone, however, who will benefit by this book. The healthy man in search of a resort suited for him, cannot do better than consult this book, which teems with admirable descriptions of climates and their influence.

Writing these lines as I do when in residence at my old quarters, the Hotel Victoria, at Davos Platz, I find in the Webers' book some very instructive remarks on the influence of high altitudes on the human body. Here at Davos we are over 5000 feet above sea-level, and the advantages presented by Davos as a holiday resort for ordinary weary workers (apart altogether from the value of its air in the treatment of consumption) are manifest enough from what is now known, and described by the authors, of the effects of life on the mountains. We find a pure germless air and a greater rarity, improving the appetite and digestion, giving the lungs insensibly a little more to do (in a quiet way), and thus bracing us up all round. The chief physiological fact of interest in this matter centres round the effect of high altitudes in increasing the number of our red blood corpuscles. These are the gas-carriers of the blood. They convey the vital oxygen to our tissues just as they carry back the waste carbonic acid to our lungs, there to be exhaled. Thus we get an increased absorption of oxygen, and as this latter result in turn stimulates the bodily processes, we must get rid rapidly of a good deal of our worn-out and effete tissue, while there is every stimulus given to build up new material. In this way Davos Platz represents a regenerative climate. It recuperates us and gives us, perhaps, the nearest approach to rejuvenescence that science has witnessed or heard of since the days of Faust himself.

By the way, talking of Switzerland, might I give a little word of warning to the hotel-keepers of certain of the resorts much affected by English tourists? I have Grindelwald especially in my mind's eye in making these remarks. There is a growing tendency on the part of hotels there to raise their tariffs to a degree which is not compatible either with the entertainment offered, or with the purses of the bulk of the people to whose patronage Grindelwald owes its prosperity. I have heard complaints all round this season, concerning the expense which a stay at Grindelwald involves, compared with the state of things that prevailed when first the tourist began to visit the resort. Now, I shall, no doubt, be told that this is only a question of supply and demand, and that Grindelwald is only making its hay while the sun shines. Precisely; but the sun will very soon set, and the demand will fall, if hotels are to adopt tariffs which are beyond the means of the very class of persons who have boomed the place into favour. It is a case this of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs; and one little proof of the tendency on the part of English tourists to resent the increased charges to which I refer is found in the fact that, until the usual tourist-rush at the beginning of August, Grindelwald was very empty indeed—at least, I was told so by one of the persons most interested in the matter—namely, a hotel-keeper himself. I make these remarks equally in the interests of the obliging Swiss hotel proprietor and in those of the tourists who contribute so largely to his coffers.

An interesting invention has been brought forward at Prague by a young man who proposes to relieve locomotive engineers of the necessity for keeping on the alert for signals—at least with the eye, for the ear will be more severely taxed than ever. The apparatus provides for the ringing of a bell on the engine when there is danger on the line. Certain signal-stations are thus rendered unnecessary. The advantage of the contrivance during a fog or blinding snowstorm is obvious, but it will, of course, require to be thoroughly tested as to its trustworthiness and accuracy. One feature which *prima facie* recommends it is its comparatively insignificant cost.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F. NORTON (Hornsey).—We cannot explain chess notation here. Any hand-book of the game will give you full information.

H. BRISTOW (Tymouth).—We are pleased to hear from you, and your new composition will doubtless prove attractive to our solvers.

W. RIDDLE.—No. 1 shall appear, but No. 2 is faulty by 1. P to B 3d, K moves, 2. Q to Kt 8th (ch), etc.

J. S. WESLEY (Exeter).—Very acceptable, and we are glad to hear from you again.

J. F. MOORE.—Very pretty, but very old.

CAPTAIN SPENCER.—We shall give the new version attention with pleasure.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 282 received from Charles Field, Junior (Athol, Mass.), and John McRobert (Crossgar, Co. Down); of No. 283 from C. E. Perugini; of No. 284 from J. L. E. P. (Dixhill-on-Sea), and C. E. M. (Ayr).

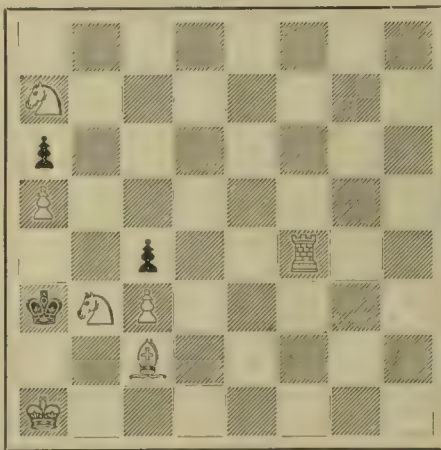
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 284 (by W. Riddle) received from Edith Corser (Roimale), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), C. E. M. (Ayr), H. S. Brundish, G. Simons, C. E. Perugini, T. Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Tymouth), T. G. (Ware), Dr. F. K. L. Penfold, Julius Richter (Brünn), F. J. Candy (Norwood), Captain Spencer, R. Worters (Canterbury), Sorrento, F. M. Tavish (Fort William), J. Bailey (Newark), Shadforth, Captain J. A. Charles (Great Yarmouth), H. Le Jeune, J. D. Tucker (Riley), Miss Durant (Margate), Hereward, Alpha, W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Miss D. Grogan (Woodhall), and Brian Harley (Saffron Walden).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 283.—By C. DANL.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to R 4th P moves
2. R to R 5th Any move.
3. B mates.

PROBLEM No. 286.—By W. H. GUNDAY.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN COLOGNE.

Game played in the Tour named between Messrs. JANOWSKI and STEINITZ.
(Bishops Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to K 4th P takes P
3. B to B 4th Kt to K 2nd
A good deal turns upon this irregular method of defence. Usually Q to R 5th (ch) is played at this point, or it may be preceded by P to Q 4th. Black acts a useful part in trying variations out of the well-known rules.
4. Q to R 5th Q to Kt 3rd
5. Kt to Q B 3rd Q to K 2nd
6. P to Q 4th Kt to B 3rd
7. Kt to B 3rd Q to Kt 5th
Seemingly no useful purpose. He might have developed by P to Q 3rd, etc.
8. Q to Q 5th Kt to Q sq
9. P to K B 3rd Q to K 2nd
10. Castles P to Q 3rd
11. Q to K R 5th P to Q B 3rd
12. Kt to Q 2nd Kt to K 3rd
13. Q to K sq Q to B 2nd
14. P to Q 6th Kt to Q sq
15. P to K 5th
This is the point where White's attack begins to tell.
16. Kt takes P B to B 4th (ch)
17. Kt to R sq Castles
A pretty conclusion to a remarkable game.

Another game in the Tournament between Messrs. BURN and COHEN.

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to Q 4th P to K 3rd
2. P to Q B 4th P to Q B 4th
3. P to Q 5th P to K 4th
Here Black allows White to get a fine position with his Pawns. There is, however, not much to be said for P takes P now, but he could let the position alone and play Kt to B 3rd or P to Q 3rd.
4. Kt to Q B 3rd P to Q 3rd
5. P to K 4th P to B 4th
6. P to B 4th K takes P
7. B takes P Kt to K B 3rd
8. Kt takes P Kt takes Kt
9. B to K 3rd Q to R 5th (ch)
10. Kt takes Kt Q to K 2nd
11. P to Kt 3rd Kt to K 2nd
12. Q to K 2nd Kt to Q 2nd
13. Castles (Q R) B to Kt 5th
14. P to K sq B to Kt 5th
15. Kt to B 3rd Kt takes B
16. K takes Kt Q takes Q
17. K takes Q (ch) K to Q 2nd
18. Kt to Q 2nd R to K sq
A series of forcible moves—in reply, it must be said, to very poor play on Black's part—gives White a commanding game. In fact, Black has nothing to play without risk of loss.
21. B to R 5th B to B 4th
22. Kt to K 3rd B to R 4th
23. P to Kt 4th B to Kt 3rd
24. B to Kt 5th P takes P
25. Kt takes P (ch) P takes Kt
26. Kt to K 4th P to R sq
27. K to Q 2nd B to K 2nd
28. Kt takes P (ch) P takes Kt
29. R takes Q Kt P to K 4th
30. R takes Q Kt P to R 4th
31. K to B 3rd P to R 4th
32. R to K 7th (ch) Resigns.

The annual meeting of the Southern Counties Chess Union, which was to have been held at Salisbury on Sept. 5, has been postponed till the 12th. A highly successful meeting is anticipated, and many of the best English amateurs are expected to take part. Any inquiries will be answered by Mr. Watson, Rowhill, Salisbury.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

Containing Delightful Stories by H. G. Wells, "Q," Max Pemberton, Sir Walter Besant, Bret Harte, and S. Baring Gould, with Beautiful Illustrations by Messrs. Woodville, Wal Paget, Forester, Lucien Davis and other Eminent Artists, and a superb Coloured Plate, is Now Publishing, Price One Shilling.

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FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.—No. IV.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

FROM THE SUMMIT OF CHILKOOT PASS TO LINDERMAN.

The deserted aspect of the Chilkoot Pass was the more remarkable, for only a few short weeks previously, from all accounts, it had been as animated a scene as possible, no less than 22,000 people having gone across the summit during the winter in a continuous stream, the whole valley being crowded with tents and rough shelters. At the time in question, this mountain solitude must have presented the appearance of some vast winter fair, with stores, saloons, and, in fact, everything to tempt the new arrivals to part with their ready money. The American "shell-man" (the prototype of our English thimble-rigger) and three-card sharps were here discovered all along the American side of the trail in their hundreds, and many a foolish youth found himself completely fleeced of his little all, and forced to turn back before he had actually started, as it were.

It is with no little feeling of legitimate pride that one learns that across the summit which marks the frontier line between Alaska and the British North-West Territories, not a single one of these rascals dared show their games—except at a risk they did not, as a rule, care to run; for such ours have no backbone, and they knew they were on British territory, and that even the meanness of their victims was under the protection of the handful of North-West Mounted Police encamped just beyond the line. The ragged old Union Jack waving above the half-dozen wretched tents in this far-away British outpost was doubtless a glad sight to English and Americans alike, for it meant law and order, and bad business for all who might attempt to defy it.

I had decided to push on without delay; and, if we could manage it, reach Lake Linderman before morning. The bracing air of the mountains acted like a strong tonic, and one felt curiously less fatigued than one would have done after such an arduous walk in a different climate. So after a short rest we started off at a good swinging pace, in company with a genial acquaintance we had met on the way, downhill towards the lake. The snow and ice on the other side of the summit proved to be a foretaste of what was in store for us for the next six miles. It was as though one had been suddenly transported to the heart of Siberia in the middle of winter. At the foot of the declivity we were descending lay a large lake, still held hard and fast in the icy grasp of the Arctic winter; whilst, far as eye could reach, its snowy pall stretched unbroken till lost in shadowy distance.

We had three long and deep lakes named Crater to cross—six solid miles on the ice all the way. It was well on into the early hours of the morning and freezing hard, with a biting wind that seemed to get through into one's very marrow; for we were absolutely unprepared for the sudden transition from genial spring temperature to Arctic cold, and had not even gloves or overcoats with us. There was nothing for it but to walk as fast as possible to keep ourselves from freezing entirely, when we fortunately met some people who gave us the joyful intelligence that we were close to a restaurant! Oh, the visions it raised! So we hurried on faster than ever, and soon were rewarded by the sight of a dim light ahead on the far bank of the lake. We naturally hesitated a few minutes before leaving the beaten track to cross unknown ice, but the contemplation of something hot and cheering proved irresistible, so through the deep snow we plunged. The place appeared much further than it really was, for in the distance and the darkness it gave the impression somehow of a big well-built house. Imagine our disappointment to find only a tent lighted dimly by a candle. The aspect was wretched in the extreme, the thin tent serving merely to keep out the wind, not the cold. We were, however, glad to get even a cup of so-called coffee; for it was, at any rate, hot, and therefore to a certain extent comforting.

I had a talk with the man, and learned the place was called "Happy Camp"; that he had his wife and young children with him in an adjoining tent. They had come in during the winter, and provided he could make enough money on the way, his idea was to get up to Dawson; but there was not much to be made where he then was. It cost too much to get his supplies—wood alone being five cents a pound. One wondered at the strange fascination of gold, that it could reconcile a man, and for the matter of that his wife also, to come and eke out a miserable existence in such an awful place as this.

It was no great distance across the lake, and we soon reached the opposite bank. The ice had not yet broken here, so we got ashore without further mishap and hurried along the trail, again hoping to make our destination in a very short time, as we both felt an unconquerable feeling of fatigue coming over us which was difficult to shake off—a sort of impulse to lie down and sleep anywhere. But there was nothing for it but to plod steadily on. The track after leaving the lake appeared to our tired feet to become worse and worse; at one time deep snow, then rock upon rock, over which we had to clamber. Harris meanwhile became more and more unconsciously humorous with fatigue, if such a condition is physically possible, and was evidently mad with himself for being here at all. At length his muttering to himself resulted in his offering as high as £50 if he were only in bed at the "hotel" at Linderman. Poor chap! his hopes were destined to be rudely shattered when we eventually reached the so-called "hotel"; but of this anon. Why the last two miles of a long journey to a place one does not know always appear the longest is inexplicable. In our case they apparently trebled themselves; and although we were lucky in meeting two good fellows who were going our way, the distance from Deep Lake to Linderman seemed to us considerably under-measured.

At last, towards three o'clock in the morning, on reaching the top of a long snow-covered hill, there lay stretched at our feet, though some distance below, a large placid sheet of water looking like a huge piece of rose-coloured silk spread between the mountains. At the point nearest us on a promontory of flat shore was a huge conglomeration of white tents looking like a flock of sea-gulls on a distant beach. This was Linderman.

(To be continued.)



FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE: BOAT-BUILDING AT LAKE LINDERMAN.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.

LADIES' PAGE.

Dullness reigns supreme just at present in the world of costume. In two or three weeks' time we shall all be thinking about our autumn dresses, and shall be glad to have in view such pretty and simple ideas for dinner-dresses as our sketches this week. The first shows an evening gown of tucked and kilted white chiffon draped with black lace; the other is in black moiré or moiré velours trimmed with bands of jet, the sleeves and corsage draped with white chiffon banded with jet, giving the necessary relief near the face and neck.

An unusual number of women have fallen victims to death by drowning during the last few weeks. Besides the five unfortunate girls on Derwentwater, there have been the two Misses Power, and the exceptionally sad case of the daughter of Sir Walter Foster, a young lady of great intellectual promise and so much physical strength as to make her loss while swimming the more of an unexpected shock to her friends. Miss Foster was the sister of one of the leading members of the Women's Liberal Federation, Mrs. E. O. Fordham, who is known to a very wide circle. Miss Foster's death by drowning was

a grievance. In most towns the public swimming-baths are open to them for a very few hours each week. In learning swimming, as in any other study, it is of importance to have the lesson frequently repeated. The brain has to make (some physiologists say), in any "learning," new cell-connections within itself; little particles of nerve-matter have to grow out of the cells and join on to others, so as to construct at last a permanent track, through which the accustomed nervous impulse can fly readily and quickly; and this is much more effectually accomplished by frequently repeated efforts at short intervals than it is by protracted, over-wearied struggles for a long time at once, with such intervals between them that the work is all undone by the passage of time. This is well known to be true about any intellectual work, and also about those studies which are partly intellectual and partly muscular. Take singing, for instance. No teacher would for a moment hesitate to say that half-an-hour's practice of the vocal organs twice a day, without a day ever being omitted on any excuse, was of infinitely more value than two or three hours' practice on one day of the week and nothing at all on the rest. This is equally true of what appear to be merely muscular exertions, but which, of course, have to be done under the direction of the brain, such as

balance is once secured, and the proper posture and motions observed, the water is sufficiently strong to bear her up by itself. This may take some time, and the more timid the disposition, the longer that time may be. But if patience enough be forthcoming on the part of the instructor, there is no doubt at all that success will be attained; and it is well worth while to give weeks or months of trouble, if necessary, to teaching a little girl what will be to her for all her life a source both of pleasure and safety.

Miss Florence Nightingale has been an invalid for years, having never recovered her strength completely after her Crimean exertions. She recently replied to a request that she would become the patroness of a nursing exhibition that "she has made it a rule to never give her name where she could not exercise a real influence," and as her health precludes this, she never allows her name to be used. Miss Clara Barton, "the Florence Nightingale of America," is, however, nearly as old as Miss Nightingale, and yet is at the front in the present war, being in personal charge of the arrangements for nursing the wounded at Santiago.

A correspondence between Lord Wantage, representing the British Red Cross Society, and the Egyptian authorities



AN EVENING GOWN OF WHITE CHIFFON DRAPED WITH BLACK LACE.



A DINNER-DRESS OF BLACK MOIRÉ TRIMMED WITH JET.

the more inexplicable because she could swim fairly well; but there is a degree of proficiency in swimming which is perhaps more dangerous than not being able to practise the art at all. It is just sufficient to give confidence to a daring nature without ensuring ability to struggle with unexpected difficulties in the way of undercurrents, cramp, or sudden heart failure.

Many women are very accomplished swimmers. There was a yachting accident a short time ago off the Isle of Man, and the only person saved out of six on board was a young lady who happened to be the well-trained daughter of a professional swimmer. She was able to swim, in company with only one man of the party, to the rocks, which were five hundred yards distant. By the time this journey was accomplished the man had become so exhausted that he sank, while Miss Bates still retained sufficient strength to pull herself out of the water, and, after a rest, to clamber up the cliffs. This was, of course, an extraordinary exploit by a very practised lady swimmer, but it shows what can be done. Many of the awards of the Royal Humane Society for saving life from drowning have been given to women. Only last week the Mayor of Scarborough publicly presented certificates from the Royal Humane Society to two ladies of that town, mother and daughter, for saving a boy from drowning in the sea.

Everybody ought to know how to swim. That is a commonplace of the season—but then it is not easy for everybody to learn. Women in this respect have decidedly

swimming, or playing tennis, or any other game. When a swimming-bath is only open to women, therefore, once a week, or twice a week at most (for that is considered a great concession to the female half of the community by the public authorities in charge of the baths, as a rule), it is clear that it must take much more time and be much more difficult than it need be for girls to learn to swim. Where a teacher is available at the seaside, therefore, take advantage of the opportunity; for more progress can be made by having a daily lesson for a fortnight than in a whole season of the more widely separated lessons possible at a swimming-bath for ladies.

There is an article in this month's *Badminton* on "Swimming for Ladies," in which the author declares that there are some people who can never learn to swim. The art of balancing in the water is, in her opinion, one that some people cannot possibly acquire. I will not offer an opinion as to how far this may be true with regard to grown-up pupils, but I am sure that it is not true about children. Any child can learn to swim, and will do so provided it is allowed sufficient time, and is not terrified or flustered in the course of the lessons. The proper way to make the strokes can be learnt in one or two lessons, and after that it is solely a question of the courage, the assurance, and the habitual movement that come only by frequent practice. To secure this competence the pupil must be supported, and must have the most absolute and well-grounded faith that she will not be deprived of that support, until she has learnt really to believe that when the

shows that the benefit of the nursing of women is to be denied to the army at present on the Nile. The reason given is that the difficulties of transport are so great that the conveyance and caring-for of the "Sisters" would be, to put it bluntly, more trouble than they would be worth. It is claimed by Lord Cromer that the force is amply supplied with surgeons and medical stores, and the lack of female nurses is apparently regarded as of small account. Perhaps they can be done without; but it is not to be forgotten that the great work that Miss Nightingale did in the Crimea was not so much in the actual nursing as in organising, and in the resourceful application to the needs of the hour of the means at her command; and this ability in detail is just where women generally shine—it is their *métier*, a continuance of their domestic training.

FILOMENA.

Through the efforts of Mr. John Russell Young, Librarian of Congress, the celebrated Congressional Library will now extend special privileges to the blind. A room will be set apart for blind readers, and standard works printed in the Braille type will be provided.

At the special conference of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, a resolution was carried unanimously at the close of the sitting of Aug. 20 to the effect that, considering the diversity of opinion among the sections as to the amount of advance in wages, the conference should be adjourned until the Executive Committee had laid the case before the employers.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1897) of Mr. Alexander Fairweather Low, of 84, Westbourne Terrace, who died on July 13, was proved on Aug. 13 by Alexander Graham Low and James Chabot Low, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £283,201. The testator gives £500, his furniture, plate, pictures, household effects, carriages and horses, and an annuity of £3500 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Anne Julia Low; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his three sons, Alexander Graham, James Chabot, and Charles Watson Low, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 27, 1897), with a codicil (dated Dec. 13, 1897), of Mr. Richard Christy, J.P., of Watergate, Stoughton, Sussex, who died on May 29, has been proved by William Miller Christy and Henry Edmund Christy, the sons, John Walker Ford, and Colonel William Pearson Tipping, the executors, the value of the estate being £232,317. The testator bequeaths £2000 and an annuity of £1200, during widowhood, to be reduced to £600 in the event of her again marrying, to his wife, Mrs. Alice Christy, in addition to the moneys secured to her by settlement; £30,000 and £50,000 to his son William Miller Christy; £20,000 to his son Henry Edmund Christy; and legacies to executors and servants. He devises his mansion-house at Watergate and all his real

estate in the county of Sussex to his son William Miller. On the decease of his wife he gives £10,000 to his son Henry Edmund; and £250 each to the Chichester Infirmary, the Manchester Infirmary, the Mission Chapel in Edge Lane, Doylesdon, Lancashire, and to the churchwardens of St. Mary's, Stoughton, upon trust, for the promotion and aid of music in the church. The residue of his property he leaves as to two thirds to his son William Miller and one third to his son Henry Edmund.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1898) of Mr. Henry Nattrass Ritchie, of Eastley End, Thorpe, Chertsey, who died on July 21, was proved on Aug. 16 by Edward William Hammond Ritchie, the son, William Charles Bellairs, and Mrs. Eliza Frances Adshead, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £280,000. The testator gives £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter Beatrice Sarah Ritchie; his furniture, plate, household effects, and jewels between all his children; an annuity of £40 to his sister Sarah Jane Potter; and an annuity of £60 to his sister Betsy Ash Ritchie. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one third each, upon trust, for his children, Mrs. Eliza Frances Adshead, Mrs. Alexandra Elizabeth Bellairs, and Edward William Hammond Ritchie, for life, and then to their respective children.

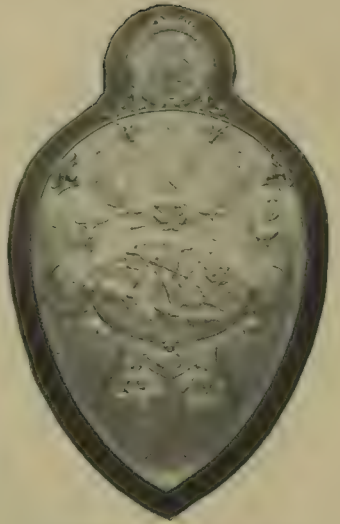
The will (dated Oct. 29, 1884), with a codicil (dated Sept. 23, 1896), of Lady Mary Codrington, of Dunmore Cottage, Heckfield, Winchester, Bedchamber-Woman to the Queen, 1836-85, who died on June 28, was proved on Aug. 11 by Major Alfred Edward Codrington, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £108,596. The testatrix appoints the funds of her marriage settlement to her son, and the sum of £7900 odd, under the trusts of the will of her uncle, John Ames, to her daughter Jane Emily, the wife of Sir Robert U. P. Fitzgerald, Bart. She bequeaths £825 Bank of England Stock to her daughter Lady Fitzgerald. The residue of her property she leaves to her son. The will also states that Lady Codrington and her husband had already made provision for their three children in their lifetime.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1892), with four codicils (dated Jan. 28, 1892, May 8, 1893, June 23, 1894, and Jan. 9, 1897), of the Right Hon. Harriet Augusta Anna Seymourina, Countess of Shaftesbury, who died on April 14, was proved on Aug. 15 by Lord Rowton, the Earl of Clanwilliam, Henry Manisty, and Thomas Hughes Torrens, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £78,011. The testatrix bequeaths £7000 to the building-fund, if at her death or within five years thereafter a Protestant cathedral shall be erected or in course of erection at Belfast; and if she should not have given the money in her lifetime, £1000 for the rood-screen and reredos at St. Giles's Church; £400 to finish St. Giles's, Almswalk; £150 to finish Woodlands Church choir-stalls; £350 for a new lodge at St. Giles's; £600 for a new club at St. Giles's if thought advisable; and £1000 for the stone hall decorations and damask covering for the chairs at St. Giles's House. There are considerable legacies to children; and other legacies to executors, maid, and

domestic and stable servants. The net residue of her personal estate is to be divided among the charities and charitable objects on or connected with her Irish estates in and about Belfast, to which she annually subscribed at the time of her death, in proportion to the amounts of her annual subscriptions.

The will (dated April 13, 1897) of Mr. Hugh Fenwick Boyd, Q.C., of the Inner Temple, and Clandon, near Guildford, who died on July 5 in Durham, was proved on Aug. 15 by Mrs. Elizabeth Boyd, the widow, James William Clark, and Ralph Iliff Simey, the executors, the value of the estate being £47,647. The testator gives £100 each to Basil Robertson Fleming and Charles Russell Sutherland; £500 and his household effects to his wife; £200 each to J. W. Clark and R. I. Simey; £50 each to the children of his brothers George and Robert; and small legacies to friends, servants, and clerk. The residue of his property is to be held upon the same trusts as those of his marriage settlement.

The will (dated 1897) of the Right Hon. Louisa, Baroness Huntingfield, of Heveningham Hall, Yoxford, Suffolk, who died on Feb. 4, has been proved in the Ipswich District Registry by Lord Huntingfield, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £13,705. The testatrix bequeaths certain furniture and jewels to



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This trophy has just been presented by the British South Africa Company to be shot for in Southern Rhodesia by teams of ten representing any rifle club or troop of the Company's police. The shield has been modelled in silver by Messrs. Mappin and Webb from a drawing by Mrs. Jane E. Cook. Mr. Rhodes specially commended the design. There are sixteen allegorical panels appropriate to our South African Empire. In the centre is a spirited representation of the last gallant stand of Wilson's party, after Alan Stewart's famous picture.



PRESENTATION TO SIR HENRY OAKLEY.

An interesting ceremony took place on Aug. 11 at the Great Northern Railway Station, King's Cross, when the officers of the Company presented Sir Henry Oakley with a magnificent library set, in solid silver. The stationery cabinet and blotter were engraved with Sir Henry's crest and motto and the coat of arms of the Company. Inside the cabinet was a silver plate inscribed as follows:—"Presented to Sir Henry Oakley by the Officers of the Great Northern Railway as a mark of esteem and regard on his retirement from the position of General Manager of the Company, 1888." The set was specially designed and manufactured by Messrs. Drew and Sons, of Piccadilly Circus.

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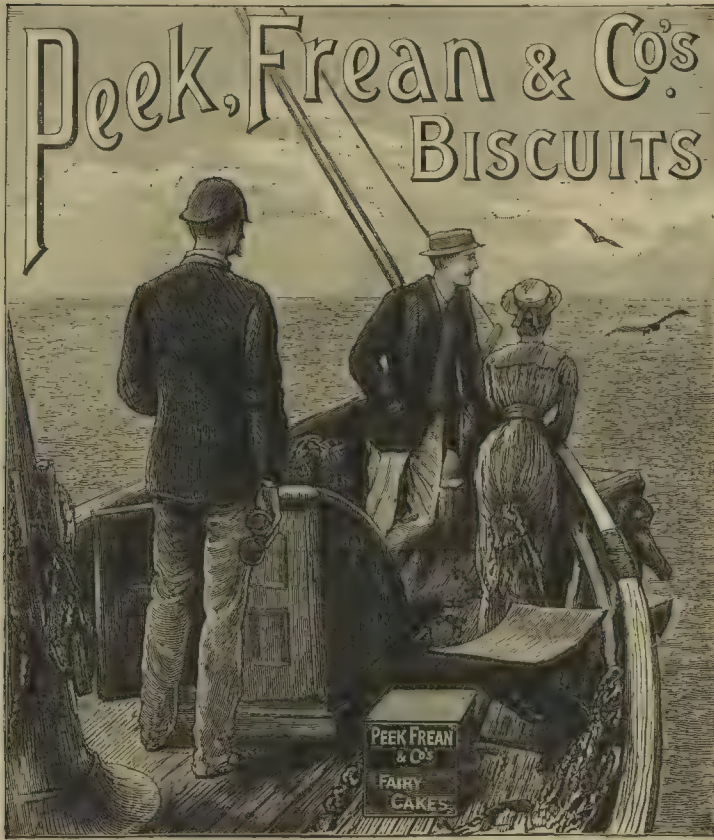
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her son, the Hon. William Arcedekno Vanneck; other furniture, jewels, and pictures, and the interest due to her at the time of her decease, under various settlements, to her son, Lord Huntingfield; £400 to Harriet Coe; and a legacy to her maid. She bequeaths her messuages, lands, and premises to her son William. The residue of her property she leaves to her two daughters, the Hon. Anne and the Hon. Frances Vanneck.

The will (dated Nov. 3, 1896) of the Right Hon. Emma Maria, Lady Forester, widow of the Rev. Orlando Watkin Weld, Lord Forester of Willey Lodge, Tunbridge Wells, who died on June 24, was proved on Aug. 11 by John Francis William Deacon, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £13,033. The testatrix bequeaths £250 to Mr. Deacon, and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her son, the Hon. Orlando St. Maur Forester.

The will (dated May 2, 1895) of Mr. William Raven, of Feering Hill, Feering, Essex, who died on June 18, was proved on Aug. 6 by James Christy Smith, Wilson Marriage, and Henry Augustus Tawell, the executors, the value of the real and personal estate being £12,878. Among other legacies, the testator bequeaths £3 each to the Friends' Adult Schools (Colchester), the Kelvedon Liberal Club, the London Temperance Hospital, the Essex and Colchester Hospital, and the Kelvedon Band of Hope; and £5 each to the Kelvedon and Feering Coal Clubs.

The residue of his property he leaves as to one seventh each to his cousins John Harrison Mills, George Ansell Harrison, Maria Tawell, Jane Scott, and Henry Harrison; one seventh, upon trust, for his cousin William Raven Everett, and one seventh to Jessie Emma Goody.

The will of the Hon. Charlotte Matilda Sanderson, widow, of 65, Wimpole Street, who died on May 14, was proved on Aug. 6 by Sir Thomas Henry Sanderson, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., the son, and one of the executors, the value of the estate being £5282.

The will and codicil of Mr. George Alfred Dean, of Pattishall, Northamptonshire, who died on July 13, was proved on Aug. 11 by George Thomas William Mugliston, M.D., one of the executors, the value of the estate being £5348.

The will of Mr. Joseph Haywood Watson-Buck, of Fountain House, Whitechurch, Salop, who died on July 9, was proved on Aug. 6 by the Rev. Francis Jones Greenwood, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £1470.

The will of Major the Hon. George Talbot Devereux, of Heathfield House, Bletchington, Oxford, who died on Feb. 14, was proved on Aug. 17 by Viscount Valentia and the Hon. Robert Charles Devereux, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £6330.

MUSIC.

It may be generally expected that Mr. Robert Newman's season of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall will be, as it deserves to be, a thorough and complete success. Mr. Newman is a man who never promises what he cannot perform, and who never gives less than he promises. This year he has in this respect surpassed himself. Once more supported by Mr. Henry Wood, he comes forward with programmes of very exceptional merit; he announces, too, that Mr. Wood will, throughout the season, conduct the whole of the concerts, and not only the first part, as he has done in former years. All this is satisfactory in the highest degree, for it is to be remembered that although from the fashionable point of view the London musical season definitely ends with the Opera, there still remains a large residuum of enthusiasts who desire to hear music, fashion or no fashion, at any time and at all times.

For such as these Mr. Newman caters during what are called the off-weeks, and it is surprising to find how quick and instant is the response which is given by this stay-at-home public. Night by night they fill the ample spaces of the Queen's Hall, critical of the music, lavish of their applause. Indeed, these concerts have in days past been astonishingly useful as educative influences, and there is no earthly reason why they should not continue so to be in the future. The plan of "one man, one half-night," as it may be called, is a good one, and is likely to attract every

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courtesies of war—he spares the woman and the child; but Nature is fierce when she is offended, for some awful but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY of MIND and BODY—which exists in England year after year.—Kingsley.

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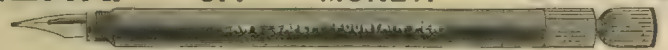
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variety of music-lover. With unusual care, too, the personnel of the orchestra has been sifted, so that Mr. Newman is able to announce that each individual player will be afforded the opportunity of performing separately upon his solo instrument. For these reasons the whole scheme is to be heartily commended, and for our part we wish it the success it deserves.

Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius is really an unfortunate man. The story of his singular triumphs dates from five years or so ago, when he started upon his later career of introducing the best German conductors to the English public. He has had no opposition: nothing but praise from every quarter. And suddenly there comes a bolt from the blue in the shape of an edict from the Kaiser of Germany. A series of autumn concerts had been organised, over which Herr Mottl was to preside. As usual, one must suppose, the subscribers who gather around Mr. Schulz-Curtius on all these occasions flocked to do Mottl and Mottl's agent all possible honour. But military manoeuvres were terrible things, particularly in Germany, and this year his Imperial Majesty purposes to make his headquarters at Carlsruhe during the progress of the army manoeuvres. Now Mottl is the musical director of Carlsruhe, and he has, therefore, received the imperial command to be at hand for the provision of music for the Emperor's delectation during his stay there. Thus London is to have no Autumn Concerts this year provided by Mr. Schulz-Curtius; and (as the jest goes) Carlsruhe will have the opportunity of hearing Mottl in an off-season. Perhaps after the "Ring"

performances this year at Covent Garden, London will not mind so much; to do otherwise would be selfish.

The Leeds Festival, so far as the general prospects go, is now definitely in full swing, and things are getting more and more crystallised in this direction as we get nearer to October. Sir Arthur Sullivan some three years ago expressed his extreme satisfaction with the choral work that was done in 1895, and it may be hoped that this year's experience will even outshine that. It is, of course, a thousand pities that a new cantata from his pen—"Why is the harp of Quantock silent?" one may ask with Wordsworth—is not forthcoming, a cantata such as he showed himself capable of in "The Golden Legend"; but it seems that we must be content without. Mr. Cowen, at all events, is sufficiently in popular favour to warrant the substitution of his name, and the programmes, already published, are enough guarantee that the usual gigantic efforts will be made to ensure success.

The Munich Mozart and Wagner Festival (writes a Munich correspondent) is now fairly under weigh, but it may perhaps be doubted if the management of the Hof-Theater is not overdoing the matter just a trifle in regard to the continuation of this particular kind of festival during successive years. Never to hear anything but Mozart and Wagner may be regarded by the greatest enthusiast as erring somewhat on the side of fanaticism. Still, the way things are done here is so good that any other complaint would sound churlish. Next week I will make my account particular and detailed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Was ever a report of a Select Committee issued in the fragmentary way in which the various resolutions of that appointed to inquire into our national museums have from day to day been communicated to the public? South Kensington was the museum especially under discussion, and it is quite plain that the investigations led to some considerable friction. The appointment of the Committee was bitterly opposed in the first instance by the Department and its representatives; but Lord Balcarras, who was practically the moving spirit of the inquiry, has carried the majority of his points against routine, red-tape, and the determined opposition of the permanent officials. The revelations of the way in which business has been conducted, public money squandered, and nepotism raised to the level of a fine art, is to be found in the evidence dragged in many cases from reluctant witnesses. With the majority of the recommendations of the Committee we can cordially agree; but there are some which are not only weak-kneed but positively hurtful to the true aims which should be kept in view by a Department intended to develop the relations of art and industry. The larger discretion as to purchases which is to be given to the Director of the Museum is a step in the right direction; but we demur most strongly to the proposal that the blunders of the Council or its expert advisers in past purchases should be huddled out of sight or destroyed. On the contrary, we claim for the public and for connoisseurs that

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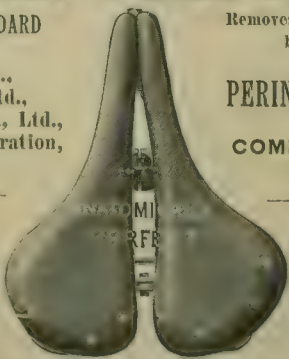
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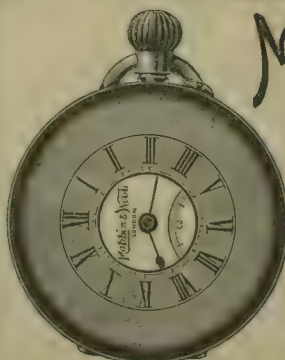
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is the original FLORIDA WATER, and must not be confounded with numerous inferior Perfumes that usurp its name.

Remember the name and accept no substitute.

SOLD BY ALL PERFUMERS AND CHEMISTS, 1s., 2s., AND 3s. PER BOTTLE.



Mappin & Webb's

"MANSION HOUSE" WATCHES (Regd.)

Guaranteed Genuine ENGLISH KEYLESS LEVER, 3-plate Movement, Breguet Sprung, Jewelled in 13 Actions, in Massive Dust and Damp Proof Cases.

CATALOGUES FREE.

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ON APPROVAL.

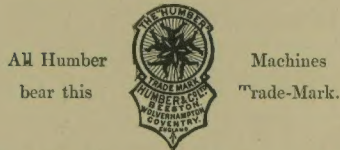


	Gentlemen's.	Ladies'.
18-carat Gold, Open Face ...	£18 0 0	£14 0 0
" Hunter or Half-Hunter ...	20 0 0	16 0 0
Silver, Open Face ...	6 10 0	6 0 0
" Hunter or Half-Hunter ...	7 7 0	6 10 0

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C., and
158 to 162, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

CAUTION. HUMBER CYCLES.

The public are cautioned not to be gulled by advertisers who offer **Humber pattern** or **Beeston Humber pattern** for sale. This common trick causes disappointment to buyers, and brings discredit on our name, for such advertisements invariably relate to very inferior cycles.



Humber Cycles are made at our three separate Works, viz.—

BEESTON (NOTTS), WOLVERHAMPTON, AND COVENTRY.

The **Beeston Humber** occupy a position absolutely unique, in the sense that the quality is infinitely superior to every machine in the world. They appeal to the élite of society, for they are

THE BEST WHICH MONEY CAN BUY.

Every cycle maker describes his production as the best—in fact the word best has lost its true significance when associated with cycles; therefore, we describe the **Beeston Humber Cycle** as of “**Beeston Humber Quality**.” Many riders will be glad to know that there are still a few 1897 **Beeston Humber**, with **Dunlop** tyres, at very low prices. These are in every sense as good as the present pattern, differing in detail only.

Degrees of Comparison—
GOOD, BETTER, “BEESTON HUMBER.”

HUMBER & CO. (EXTENSION), LTD.,
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SLEEP AND REST For Skin-Tortured BABIES And Tired MOTHERS



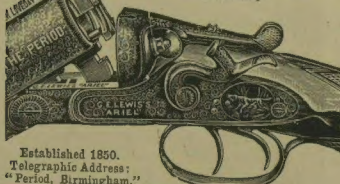
In One
Application of
Cuticura

A warm bath with **CUTICURA SOAP**, and a single anointing with **CUTICURA**, purest of emollient skin cures, mean instant and grateful relief in the most distressing of burning and scaly rashes, irritations, and eczemas, mean comfort and rest for parent as well as child, and are pure, sweet, safe, speedy, and economical.

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G. E. LEWIS'S GUNS & RIFLES
HAVE TAKEN HONOURS WHEREVER SHOWN.
Paris, 1878; Sydney, 1879 and 1880; Melbourne, 1880 and 1881; and Calcutta, 1883 and 1884.

“THE GUN OF THE PERIOD.” TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
Cross-Bolt Actions, same price as my Treble-Grip.



Established 1850.
Telegraphic Address: “Period, Birmingham.”

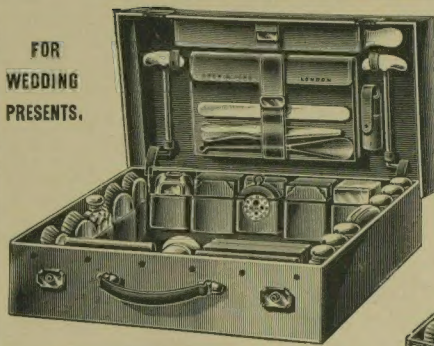
G. E. LEWIS'S “ARIEL” GUN.
We are now making the annexed well-known and tried Gun as a light Gun, which we have named “THE ARIEL,” and though made as light as 5 to 6 lb., 12 bore, it is strong enough for all charges, and this strength and lightness is obtained by a new arrangement of action and locks. Price, from 15 guineas. Invaluable for use in hot climates, where weight tells.

AS HAMMERLESS, FROM 20 GUINEAS.
OUR STOCK OF SPORTING GUNS AND RIFLES, READY FOR DELIVERY, IS THE LARGEST IN ENGLAND.
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YOUR Needs that latest invention, a neat Waist Grip, entitled the **Fairy Belt**. By an entirely novel method it holds the blouse or shirt without any hooks or clips in the exact position it is required. It is impossible for the blouse to ride up or become displaced. The **Fairy Belt** makes the Waist at the same time round, before achieved, in a way never before attempted. Sold by all Drapers at 1s., or post free, 1/2. From the Proprietors, Hindes **BLOUSE** (Curlers), Ltd., Finsbury, London, E.C.

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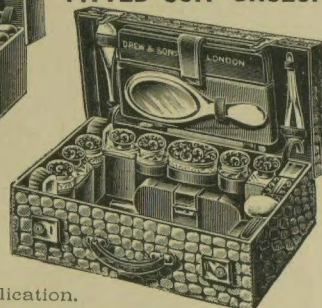
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Customers' Own Fittings adapted when Desired.

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**DRESSING-BAGS AND
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THE BEST TIMEKEEPERS IN THE WORLD.

Waltham Watches to-day are the Most Perfect in Quality and Most Moderate in Price. Do not be misled or persuaded into paying a larger price for a watch no better, and probably not so good, as a Waltham.

The Waltham Watch Company makes forty-five varieties of movements, WHICH ARE FULL JEWELLED with RUBIES, SAPPHIRES, and DIAMONDS. The “Riverside” movement, which has seventeen jewels—twelve Rubies and five Sapphires—is particularly recommended as being within the means of everyone, and as accurate a timekeeper as it is possible to make.

The Largest Stock in the Kingdom is to be found at
H. W. BEDFORD'S, 67, REGENT ST., W.
PRICE LIST FREE ON APPLICATION.

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH,

HEALTHY GUMS, and FRAGRANT BREATH
procured by using



ROWLANDS' ODONTO

An Antiseptic, Preservative, and Aromatic Dentifrice, which prevents and arrests decay, and imparts a pearl-like whiteness to the teeth. It contains no mineral acids, no gritty matter, or injurious astringents, keeps the mouth, gums, and teeth free from unhealthy action of germs in organic matter between the teeth, is the most wholesome Tooth-Powder for Ladies. 2s. 9d.

Ask Stores and Chemists for
ROWLANDS' ODONTO, of HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

Carter's Little Liver Pills



Is. 1d.
at Chemists.

Cure all Liver ills.

Exact size and shape of Package.



Wrapper printed blue on white.

**Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion,
Bilious Headache.**

BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are sometimes counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for “Little Liver Pills”; CARTER'S is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper, otherwise the pills within cannot be genuine. Do not take any nameless “Little Liver Pills” that may be offered. But be sure they are CARTER'S.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

WHITE SOUND TEETH.
FRAGRANT BREATH.
HEALTHY GUMS.



Used in All Countries for
OVER 70 YEARS.

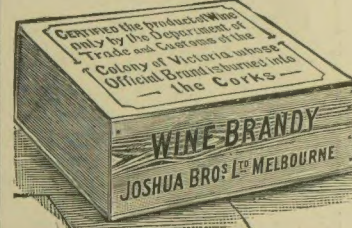
CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits. The only Genuine is signed
“JEWSBURY & BROWN.”

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE

“Quality and price being equal it behoves all patriotic Englishmen to buy the produce of their own Colonies, rather than that of Foreign Countries.”

Joshua's

PURE



Australian Brandy

The LANCET says:—“It is sound and honest, and of a fragrance, purity, and quality second to none.”

Bottle.
JOSHUA'S “ONE STAR” ... 4/-
JOSHUA'S “THREE STAR” ... 4/6
JOSHUA'S “SPECIAL” ... 5/6

OF STORES, GROCERS, AND
WINE MERCHANTS.

JOSHUA'S “SPECIAL,” bottled in Melbourne, bears the Stamp of H.M. Government of Victoria, guaranteeing it the PURE PRODUCT OF THE GRAPE.

Importers: JOSHUA BROTHERS,
26, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS COCOA.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

FOR BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST,
And 164, 166, and 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

TWO PRIZE MEDALS, PARIS, 1889.

Collars, Ladies' 3-fold, from 3d per doz.

Collars, Ladies' 4-fold, 4d per doz.

Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 2d per doz.

Shirts, Fine Quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Points, 35s per 6-doz, (to measure, 2/- extra).

SAMPLES & PRICE-LISTS POST FREE. AND SHIRTS.

N.B.—Old Shirts made good as new with best materials in Neck Band, Cuffs, and Front, for 1/- the 1/- doz.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

PIESSE & LUBIN RARE & PRECIOUS PERFUMES

SWEET SCENTS

From every flower that breathes a fragrance

Complimentary Presents

GIFTS

OR

Souvenirs of Affection

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CATALOGUES ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR POST FREE.

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TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1d. per Bottle.

these *supercheries artistiques* should be carefully collected and exhibited. It would be advisable also that, as in the case of genuine articles purchased by the Museum, the price of each spurious article and its origin, with the name of the vendor, should be distinctly given. This method of instructing public taste has been already adopted with excellent results (upon dealers) in Paris, Berlin, and elsewhere.

Violent thunderstorms, with heavy rain or hail, occurred on Thursday and Friday in the south-midland and south-western counties of England, and in South Wales and Ireland. This took place on Monday also in the midland shires; but in the neighbourhood of London the weather has been dry and hot, though tempered by light easterly wind. Great dearth of water prevails in the East End. Many

deaths by accidents in boating and bathing have been reported in the past week. There have been several deaths caused by lightning, with damage to farms and stock. The harvest work has in general been performed with good success in most parts of the country. A thick fog at sea off the south-eastern coast on Sunday caused several collisions of small vessels; in one case eight lives were lost.

Vesuvius has been displaying for some days past, but more conspicuously in the nights, the grand spectacle of an eruption, which has caused, however, some damage to farms and cottages on the side of the mountain.

The Curfew Tower at Windsor, which affords so picturesque an addition to the royal pile, has been silent for some time. But the peal of bells has now been rearranged, and is ready for ringing when occasion requires. The

reason of the silence was a crack in the fifth bell, which had to be recast. The bells are usually rung on the Queen's Birthday and other royal anniversaries.

Sir David Chalmers, the Government Commissioner of Inquiry, has arrived at Sierra Leone and begun his investigation of the causes which provoked the recent disastrous and sanguinary insurrection of the native tribes.

The wages question in the collieries of England and Wales, extending also to Scotland, is apparently taking a wider range of discussion. A conference has been opened at Birmingham, which represents 300,000 colliers, Mr. Pickard, M.P., presiding, to debate an offer, by the Coal-Owners' Federation, of a 2½ per cent. advance in wages, with a fixed minimum for two years, and with the reference of occasional disputes to the official Conciliation Board.

COMFORT IN WALKING.

Beetham's Corn Plaster

CURES WHEN ALL OTHER REMEDIES FAIL.

IT ACTS LIKE MAGIC

In Relieving ALL PAIN & THROBING, and soon cures the worst CORNS & BUNIONS. It Softens and Removes all Hard Callouses on the Soles of the Feet. If you Suffer, Try a Box. You will never regret it.

N.B.—THIS PLASTER IS QUITE DIFFERENT TO ALL OTHERS.

Boxes, 1s. 1d., of all Chemists.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off. Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour. Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin or even white linen. Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER can be obtained throughout the British Colonies, India, United States of America, &c., &c.

ATKINSON'S EAU DE COLOGNE

Is absolutely the finest made.

More fragrant, more lasting, and very much more refreshing than all others.

Use only ATKINSON'S: ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.

Single Bottle 23 post free, Case of 6 Bottles 11s. Carriage Paid. OF ALL DEALERS.

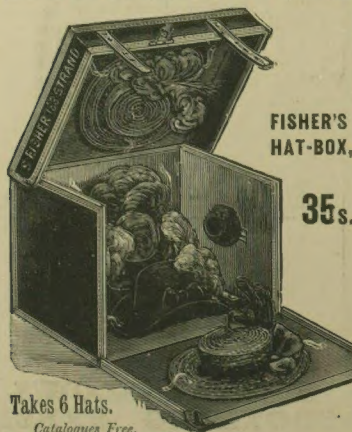
J. & E. ATKINSON, Ltd., 24, Old Bond St., London.

INVENTORS OF THE CELEBRATED

"WHITE ROSE" PERFUME.

"A Charming Scent."—H. R. H. The Duchess of York.

Do Not Crush Your Hats

FISHER'S
HAT-BOX.

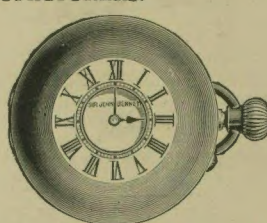
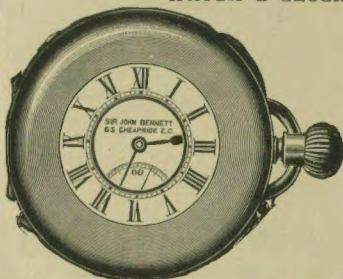
35s.

Takes 6 Hats.

Catalogues Free.

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£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEY-LESS 4-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe per post.

SIR JOHN BENNETT (LTD.), 65, Cheapside, London.

£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches. Arms and Inscription embossed to order.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells. In oak or mahogany. With Bracket and Shield, Three Galleons extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

SIR JOHN BENNETT (LTD.), 65, Cheapside, London.

£10.—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEY-LESS WATCH, perfect for time, heat, and wear, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

GOLD WATCHES, from £5.

Illustrated Catalogues post free. £5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH. A fine 4-plate English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal case. The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and dust tight. GOLD CHAINS and JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Spring all the year round.

LOHSE'S Maiglöckchen LILY OF THE VALLEY

World-renowned for the fullness and softness of its fragrance, without artificial odour

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Beware of imitations

Perfume for the handkerchief — Soap — Powder
Toilet Water — Brillantine — Eau de Cologne.

Only genuine with the full firm of the creator

Sold everywhere

Gustav Lohse & Berlin

Perfumer by appointment to H. M. the Empress of Germany and H. M. the Empress Frederick.

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Are used without heat. They have no sharp edges to cut and spoil the hair. They are sold in Boxes at 6d. and 1s. in every town and village in the three Kingdoms.

Indispensable for Ladies Travelling.

Sold by Drapers, Outfitters, and Chemists throughout the world.

6d. 'Sanitary' 6d. DOZEN. DOZEN.

ABSORBENT, ANTISEPTIC. Mixed Sample Packets (three of Size O, one each 1, 2, and 4, post free from the Lady Manager for 5 stamps.)

The "IMPROVED" TOWEL, at 1/1, 1/6, & 2/- doz., is of downy softness, being made entirely of White Absorbent Wool. FREE SAMPLE on application to the Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham.

THE SCOTTISH NATURAL MINERAL TABLE WATER

St Roman's

AS SUPPLIED
TO THE
HOUSE OF
COMMONS
AND
LEADING CLUBS.

SUPERIOR TO
AND CHEAPER THAN ANY
OF THE FOREIGN MINERAL WATERS.

Proprietors: The "ST. ROMAN'S WELLS" & MINERAL WATER CO., Ltd., Innerleithen, Scotland
London Depot: 68, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT

PURELY VEGETABLE. Perfectly Harmless. Will reduce from two to five pounds per week; acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into fat. Sold by Chemists. Send Stamp for Pamphlet. Botanic Medicine Co., 3, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

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CAMBRIC Children's, 3/6 doz. HEMSTITCHED Ladies', 2/3 .. Gent's, 3/11 ..

POCKET The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame.—The Queen.

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Open till 7. Saturdays, 3.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only

thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 13 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.

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CORN EXTERMINATOR.

NEVER FAILS

Ingenious Instrument. Anyone can use. Highest surgical testimonials. Post free 13 stamps. Bunton and Chilblain Ointment absolutely Cures Tender Feet, Soft Corns, Enlarged Joints, &c. 15 stamps. Mr. GARDNER, Chirurgeon, Specialist—Nails, 50, Regent Street, W.

AVOID BAGGY KNEES

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STRETCHER

The ONLY Stretcher whereby the tension is obtained by means of a Screwed Rod.

Sold everywhere, or sent on receipt of P.O. Bronze, Polished, 5/-; Army Quality, Nickel, 9/6. For Colonies and Abroad add Parcel Post rate for 4 lb.—L.L.B. DEPT., 6, PHILIP LANE, LONDON, E.C.

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FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this Powder has sustained an unrivalled reputation throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies as the BEST and SAFEST Article for CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE. Sold in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c.

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For Cleaning and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture. Sold in bottles, 6d. and 1s. each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

FOR CHEAPNESS AND DESPATCH, USE STAVELEY'S

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GOODS, PARCELS, BAGGAGE, FURNITURE, &c. shipped to all parts of the World.

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Manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY AT A MERELY NOMINAL PRICE over inferior makes.

Our Umbrella Frames are the best as they have been for 50 years.

BENSON'S KEYLESS WATCHES

Guaranteed for Accuracy, Durability, and Strength.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases.

In Silver Cases.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases.

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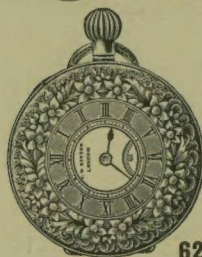
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BENSON'S
"Special Make"
Lady's Keyless
THREE-QUARTER
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LEVER.
Seconds Dial. In 18-ct.
Gold Cases, either Hunt-
ing, Half-Hunting, or
Crystal Glass, with
Monogram Engraved
Free.

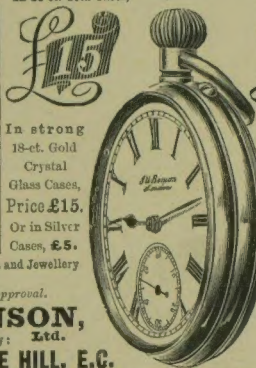
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Selections sent on Approval.

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62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

And at 25, OLD BOND STREET, W., and 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.



In strong
18-ct. Gold
Crystal
Glass Cases,
Price £15.
Or in Silver
Cases, £5.

BENSON'S
'BANK'
Best London
Make.
KEYLESS
THREE-
QUARTER
PLATE
ENGLISH
LEVER.

A Government Medical Officer writes—

"I began using your Food when my son was only a fort-
night old, and now (five months) he is as fine a boy as you
could wish to see."

From an Eminent Surgeon—

"After a lengthened experience of Foods, both at home
and in India, I consider 'Benger's Food' incomparably
superior to any I have ever prescribed."



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For Infants,
Invalids, and the Aged.

GOLD MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.

A delicious, highly nutritive, and easily digested Food, especially prepared for
Infants, and for those whose digestive powers have been weakened by illness or
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enjoyed and assimilated when other Foods disagree—vide *Lancet* and other
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BENGER'S FOOD IS SOLD IN TINS BY CHEMISTS, &c., EVERYWHERE.

For TOWN and COUNTRY Cycling—

DUNLOP TYRES

LIGHT enough to suit the most fastidious park rider.

STRONG enough to bear the heaviest weight over the roughest
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FULLY GUARANTEED.

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WORKS AND HEAD OFFICES:
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41, HOLBORN VIADUCT

Patent Double Drop Frame Tandem for Lady
and Gentleman. Patent Triple-tube Lady's
Cycle; Light; Rigid. Patent Interchangeable
System of Gearing. Unbreakable Fork-
crown. Dust-Proof Pedals, &c., &c., &c.

CYCLES

TO COLONISTS AND ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

AN EXTRACT.—"The first night I had slept a little
"from sheer exhaustion. This next was terrible. I vomited
"incessantly; I was chilled to the bone, and could not warm
"myself. I suffered horrible pains in the head and through-
"out my whole body. Next day, of course, I was a wreck.
"They told me I had been delirious half the night. I remember
"nothing of the day; but next night I got a couple of hours'
"sleep, and was rather better in consequence. But vomiting
"went on steadily, and the fourth night I was again delirious.
"The next day I was as bad as ever; but thanks to a good
"dose of Beecham's Pills I had an excellent night, and I truly
"believe that they saved my life. I knew well where I picked
"up this fever—in the marshes of Mwenzo, and near Kituta—and
"the killing thing was being unable to stop to cure it; the
"ten days on the lake especially, often without food for twenty-
"four hours, nearly finished me. I felt certain at the time
"that I was done for; and I very nearly was."

FROM "THREE YEARS IN SAVAGE AFRICA,"
by LIONEL DECLE (Methuen & Co.). MR. LIONEL DECLE
covered a distance of over 7000 miles at one stretch,
between Capetown on the South and Mombassa on the
East Coast of Africa. It is worth noting that this
"unique journey" would probably have been cut short,
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"its vivid record" would never have been penned had
not Mr. Lionel Decle provided himself with a supply of
Beecham's Pills.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

Easy Shaving

can only be possible when the beard
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